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GROANING CREATION.

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Being a short record of some ways in which the human race inflicts pitiful sufferings on sentient fellow-creatures who are lower in the scale of life than itself, for the purpose of obtaining an unnecessary form of food.

By

JOSIAH OLDFIELD,

Master in Arts

and Bachelor in Civil Law in the University of Oxford,
Barrister-at-Law.



Price One Shilling

THE IDEAL PUBLISHING UNION, 6, Farringdon-street,
WM. REEVES, 185, Fleet-street,
E. W. ALLEN, 4, Ave Maria-lane.

AND

THE LONDON VEGETARIAN SOCIETY, Memorial Hall,
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Submitted with
respects to Lord Putnam
by
An Indian Member
of the London Vegetarian
Society.

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"Take not away the life you cannot give,
For all things have an equal right to live.—Dryden.

"Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near to them in being merciful,
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.—Sh. Tit. And. 1. 2.

Slaughter-houses.



HERE is such a growing interest in the creed of Humanitarianism, and the world of to-day is beginning to wake up so really to the fact that all cruelty has a common origin, and that all cruelty wherever it appears and whatever form it may consist, is antagonistic to the development of the higher life and soul of man, that I have ventured to collect a number of letters which have appeared in the public press on the atrocities of the slaughter house and preface them with a few general words on the subject of butchery.

The brutal fact which cannot be glossed over by volumes of argument is this—before I can have a chop or a steak for my dinner an animal must be killed!

—Can an animal be killed painlessly? The unanimous experience of centuries of experimentation over the whole world is summed up in the short word—No "

We are therefore face to face with an enormous volume—

of pain continuing day and night, week after week, month after month, year after year, century after century, deliberately inflicted by man, directly or indirectly, for the sake of providing him a daily piece of flesh meat to eat.

If this daily piece of flesh meat were necessary then would the human race be of all mortals the most miserable because it would be conscious of its inherent inability to rise to the height of Eternal "kindness" to which its higher aspirations long to attain. Man would be a creature endowed with a longing towards a state of Mercy, Love and Gentleness but enchained to a state of practical Harshness, Hatred and Cruelty.

Happily for the stability of his progressive evolutionary development, this chaos of conflicting necessities does not exist; the voices of Science and Experience alike admit that whatever may be the chemical or physiological value of flesh meat it certainly cannot be reckoned as a necessary factor in human dietetics.

We are therefore as thinking reasoning beings face to face with the fact that we are deliberately inflicting an untold and unnecessary volume of agony upon sentient fellow creatures for the gratification of our appetite.

We can evade the issue (which is indeed a terrible one) in two ways. We may either deny that any (or much) suffering is necessary in taking away life, or

we may take our stand upon the essential cruelty of Nature.

If we adopt the latter alternative we plead that all animals must die some time or other, and that a few years more or less makes little difference. Nature makes many creatures ephemeral, born in the morning and dead at night, their life is a short and merry one. Man too may do as Nature does and brighten and shorten the lives of any animals he wills at his pleasure. Further, nature is full of cruelty from end to end, the chain of creation is made up of the strong preying upon the weak, of the rapacious destroying the offenceless, of the bloody triumphing over the meek. The beak and claw are blood red, the jagged teeth are fleshed in gore and the rasping tongue is ever licking of the same. There is the stamp of blood upon everything; what wrong then can there be in man taking up his place in nature and exercising his privilege of being the cleverest animal by making all creation the sport of his pleasure and the tool of his appetite and will?

This is the argument of the slave-holder, to say nothing of the exploiting bourgeoisie! "The weak must suffer and endure for the good of the strong" has been ever the cry of the tyrant, and it was at one time taught as the essence of Natural Religion that the Black was made by Nature the bond servant of the White and that the

perpetuation of Slavery was the perpetuation only of Natural, and therefore stable, Law.

The Creed of Humanity could not always answer in dialectic triumph, but from the conscience within it denied the truth of a position it could not by argument combat, and the Common Conscience of Humanity at length overturned root and branch the whole framework of the constitution of Slavery—and yet Nature goes on!

The fallacy of this "Gospel of Selfishness" lies in the failure to recognise that in Nature there are two forces at work, the antagonism of individualism and the co-operation of Socialism. There is indeed a fight for the survival of the fittest, but it is not the one that fights most that eventually survives, it is the corporate cohesion which depends on the sacrifice of Self and the helping of the other which has done most for the evolution of and survival of the fittest. The unit of Family Life which is the essence of the perpetuation of higher forms of life as opposed to the unit of the individual gives the lie to the assertion that in Nature it is "Everyone for himself and the strongest will survive."

The dependence of the male upon the female and the female upon the male and the offspring upon both for life and help and support is a living finger in Nature which ever points to the fact that it is not by fighting and conquering that the aim of the universe shall be

attained but by living and sacrificing that the final goal shall be reached and the central purpose fulfilled.

Man therefore if he would take his place in Nature, must not go to the lowest forms of life, and to types of the lowest in his own life for an example, but to the highest pointings in Nature and to the highest instincts in himself as the guide by which he shall measure the right or the wrong of his actions.

If on the other hand it is denied that any (or much) suffering is necessary in taking away life, I venture to hope that the evidence I have brought forward in the subsequent pages will make it impossible for any honest person to advance such an assertion again.

Let me therefore give some account of the cruelties which at present exist and then discuss some of the methods which have been advocated for the purpose of terminating them while still perpetuating slaughter-houses.

That the market is ruled by Money and not by Humanity is an important point to remember. If Humanity pays, so much the better, let us always be humane in everything, but in cases where Humanity doesn't pay, then pity the poor sufferers, for all the market says is "we can't be bothered with faddists' whims and fancies, we've got our living to get, we're as careful as we can be."

Herein is the great difference between animals that are to be kept either for work or breeding and animals that are to be killed. In the first case it pays to be kind and thoughtful, for every blow injures and every fright deteriorates the value, but in the second it is a question of working up to a point not far distant, so that anything which will not tend to reduce the value before that date is unimportant; a few blows or tail twistings or punches don't count, and in the last great drive to death, weariness, fright, exhaustion and pain are unimportant items, and hunger and thirst are rather better than otherwise, for less trouble is then caused in dressing the carcase.

Like a warder who grudged to the condemned man his bottle of wine on the plea that he would be dead within an hour, and so good wine would be wasted, so the driver and the slaughterman often give no food to their hungry and thirsty charges the day before they die on the plea that the food would only be wasted and would be in the way when they came to dress the dead bodies.

We have therefore to face this great fundamental fact that in butchery the constraint of the purse has little power towards humanity. All who have any knowledge of human nature (and I prefer to deal in plain common language with human nature as we know it and not with some hypothetical humanity of the idealist or theoretical

human nature of the moralist) are aware that when an ostler has a certain number of horses to attend to, he gradually gets attached to some of them, and, however cruel and rough he might have been to begin with, the bonds of affection eventually win some way over his heart and a relationship springs up between the brute man and the animal he is in charge of which is the best guarantee possible that no unnecessary cruelty will be exercised by that man over that animal.

Go a step further and give that man fresh horses daily, set him to drive an omnibus with new horses every run and merely require him to keep time on his journey. He has no opportunity of getting to know his cattle, to him they are mere machines for doing a certain work, and with the same unconcern that an engine driver will put on steam to regain a lost minute, so will the horse driver put on speed to pull up what he is behind time.

In saying this I make no reflection on the man's humanity. I believe that the driver who would whip a poor-tired horse savagely to get it to pull an over-laden bus up hill to time, would go home and treat with the kindest, gentlest hands, his pet pup with a broken leg or his canary that twittered to him as he came in.

It is a point we must not forget that human affections are limited in their scope and that the greatest practice and training are requisite to enable these affections to be

extended. We are often distressed beyond measure when we hear of an accident or a misfortune that has befallen a near neighbour or a person in our own village, while we pass over with the most casual expression of sorrow a calamity a thousandfold as great, which has happened at the other end of the world. Though we can do absolutely nothing to help in either case we extend our sympathy in thought, and grieve in heart, and actually give of ourselves in spirit, to the case which has happened close beside us, to a person whom we know, while we barely suffer a pang of sorrow for agonies of the widest and most intense character that have happened outside the little sphere of our affections. That is to say again that our affections, our powers of sympathy, are very limited in extent and are capable of being readily exhausted.

Not only are they narrowed by acquaintanceship and area, but they are drained equally readily by repetition of services. We grieve deeply and are ready to shed tears of sorrow over the first beggar who tells us his pitiful tale of sadness and suffering, and we relieve him to the utmost of our power, but when we have heard similar cases a few scores of times, all equally sad, equally pitiful and equally true (for the world is full of cases of the truest and saddest suffering) we get hardened, and missing our dinner by being late becomes of more pressing

importance to us than listening to the tale of the hungry one and relieving his wants. We call it "becoming hardened by use," but it is really an exhaustion of our small store of sympathy by repetition. There is no logical reason why the tale of the fiftieth sufferer should not affect us equally with that of the first when they are equally pitiable, but the fact remaining, that it will not do so, proves to us the limited capacity of our sympathies.

Everyone who knows anything of the medical or nursing training is aware of the change which comes over the doctor or the nurse during the period of contact with suffering. It is popularly called a "hardening" process, but it is really a partial exhaustion of the fund of sympathy and then a gradual regulation of the supply of it in proportion to the capacity of the person. Thus it is that some doctors and nurses who have but a small store and a little power of renewal become quite brutal from the effect of sights of suffering, while others who have larger stores and a greater power of renewal always keep up a certain amount of sympathy to display to every patient that comes into their hands, while others again are almost saint-like in the great wealth of the sympathy they display, day after day, and year after year to a constantly changing crowd of new objects of pity.

The experience of life therefore proves most conclusively that even the best and highest and noblest men

and women have but a limited amount of sympathy which is rapidly reduced in volume, and sometimes entirely dried up, by an extended use, or a persistent repetition.

From the poor ordinary unit of life then what can we, what *can* we expect? We are hopelessly blind if we expect such men to be able to do what the cream of mankind find difficulty in doing.

The best of men and women find it hard to keep up true sympathy towards their fellow humans who entrust themselves to their care for the very object and purpose of being skilfully tended and kindly dealt with, how is it possible that we should expect the driver or slaughterman to have sympathy towards the animals that are put into his hands by scores and hundreds and thousands to drive to a certain place in a certain time, and to knock down and hammer on the head and throat, cut and skin and rip up at so much a day!

We know from experience that the very noblest work of human life—the care for the poor and the suffering and the dying—tends to harden by reducing sympathy, and even does cause the moral deterioration of a considerable percentage. We know from equally sound experience, that when with this noble calling of healing is coupled a method of obtaining knowledge to heal by inflicting pain upon animals—popularly called by the name of Vivisection—loss of sympathy with suffering and consequent

moral deterioration tends to be still more accentuated. We know all this perfectly and therefore we know equally well, if we will only make ourselves conscious of our knowledge, that the habitual contact with animals for the purpose of injuring them instead of helping them; for the purpose of killing them instead of restoring them to life; for the purpose of bringing pain and suffering upon them instead of comfort and healing, must absolutely and necessarily brutalise, degrade, and demoralise the men whom we doom to this trade, and entail suffering of a nature impossible to prevent upon the victims entrusted to their power.

In looking round upon the world of life I can conceive of few things more terrible to contemplate than this question of butchery and all that it involves. In war, horrible though it be, men are only engaged a few short months or years of their service and during that time they are taught to look upon fighting for their country and their Queen as synonymous to suffering and dying on behalf of all that is dearest and best; as equivalent to the highest self-sacrifice of the strong on behalf of the weak! But in the daily butchery of animals, men are engaged in their loathsome, degrading, duties, day after day and year after year, and each night as the poor man wipes the blood off his hands and changes his blood-smirched clothes he knows that he has killed his pile of innocent

victims and that the animals who but a few days before were bright in the beauty of health are now lying with glazed eyes and dripping limbs, dead, skinned and eviscerated, and so mangled that not even their own mothers would know their children.

Vivisection is bad enough in all conscience, but there indeed there is the *plea* that the scientists are not doing it for their own ends, for self gratification, or for low motives. They *claim* that what they do is for the alleviation of suffering to man and animal alike, and that they have this high end in view in all the sufferings they inflict; but even a plea of this sort is impossible with regard to Slaughter-house atrocities. Here there is not even the suggestion of a high end or the apology of benefiting animal or man.*

It is a simple brutal argument. "What are animals sent for? Why, they are sent for man's use and therefore let him use them as he will." It is a barefaced, bald assertion; "I do not say that beefsteaks or mutton chops are necessary for me; I do not even say that they are good for me; but I do say that I like them, and therefore I mean to have them." I daily wonder at the marvellous

* If man can legitimately put animals to a painful death in order to supply himself with food and luxuries, why may he not also legitimately put them to pain and even to death for the higher object of relieving the sufferings of humanity."—*Chambers's Encyclopedia*.

fact that men who argue like this have given up Slavery and polygamy!

"The most mischievous effects," says the author of *Animals' Rights*,* "of the practice of flesh-eating, in its influence on the study of animals' rights at the present time, is that it so stultifies and debases the very *raison d'être* of countless myriads of beings—it brings them into life for no better purpose than to deny their right to live. It is idle to appeal to the internecine warfare that we see in some aspect of wild nature, where the weaker animal is often the prey of the stronger, for there (apart from the fact that co-operation largely modifies competition) the weaker races at least live their own lives and take their chance in the game, whereas the victims of the human carnivora are bred, and fed, and from the first predestined to untimely slaughter, so that their whole mode of living is warped from its natural standard, and they are scarcely more than animated beef or mutton or pork. This, I contend, is a flagrant violation of the rights of the lower animals, as those rights are now beginning to be apprehended by the humaner conscience of mankind. It has been well said that "to keep a man (slave or servant) for your own advantage merely, to keep an animal that you may eat it, is a lie. You cannot look that man or animal in the face."

* *Animals' Rights*, by H. S. Salt.

Those therefore who are eaters of flesh are responsible for perpetuating in the land a race of humans doomed to an inhuman occupation. Those who still persist in sacrificing the daily steak or chop at the altar of Stomach must be plainly told that by this selfish gratification of an unnatural appetite they are requiring that men shall be doomed to spend their lives in inflicting suffering and agony upon sentient fellow creatures, and thereby be themselves hindered from progressing towards that end to which all men are born, namely the attainment of that attribute of gentleness and mercy which is the final manifestation of the divine in the human.

Flesh eaters are perpetuating the race in its primitive barbarism and are preventing a large class of men from ever becoming humanely human. The perpetuation of the slaughter house is the perpetuation of cruelty. The perpetuation of cruelty is the perpetuation of inhumanity. The perpetuation of inhumanity is the prevention of the attainment of the perfection of humanity, and is therefore a permanent stumbling block in the pathway of the human evolution.

"It is impossible," says the same writer that I have quoted above "that any discussion of the principle of animals' rights can be at all adequate or conclusive which ignores, as many so-called humanitarians still ignore, the immense underlying importance of the food

question. The origin of the habit of flesh-eating need not greatly concern us; let us assume, in accordance with the most favoured theory, that animals were first slaughtered by the uncivilized migratory tribes under the stress of want, and that the practice thus engendered, being fostered by the religious idea of blood-offering and propitiation, survived and increased after the early conditions which produced it had passed away. What is more important to note, is that the very prevalence of the habit has caused it to be regarded as a necessary feature of modern civilization, and that this view has inevitably had a marked effect, and a very detrimental effect, on the study of man's moral relation to the lower animals.

Now it must be admitted, I think, that it is a difficult thing consistently to recognise or assert the rights of an animal on whom you purpose to make a meal, a difficulty which has not been at all satisfactorily surmounted by those moralists who, while accepting the practice of flesh-eating as an institution which is itself beyond cavil, have nevertheless been anxious to find some solid basis for a theory of humaneness. 'Strange contrariety of conduct,' says Goldsmith's 'Chinese Philosopher,' in commenting on this dilemma; 'they pity, and they *eat* the objects of their compassion!' There also the consideration that the sanction implicitly given to the

terrible cruelties inflicted on harmless cattle by the drover and the slaughterman render it, by parity of reasoning, well-nigh impossible to abolish many other acts of injustice that we see everywhere around us ; and this obstacle the opponents of humanitarian reform have not been slow to utilise. Hence a disposition on the part of many otherwise humane writers to fight shy of the awkward subject of the slaughterhouse, or to gloss it over with a series of contradictory and quite irrelevant excuses."

I have shown that, speaking from wide grounds, the slaughterhouse must be a place where no sympathy can be expected from the slaughtermen towards the animals they are paid to hammer on the head, throat cut, and kill. The stupid dazed creature that has no vitality left, and which comes up to the ring spiritlessly, and meekly bows its head to be struck again and again till it falls, is the only one the slaughterman can have any sympathy for, and that because it lessens his own work. The moment an animal shows fear or fight (and ninety-nine out of a hundred beasts do so) pain and force must be used, compel it to move on to the place of doom ; it must be agonised up to its ring of death or the job won't be done to time—and what does it matter, a few tails twisted off or horns broken, or eyes smashed, or tender parts prodded into the very living quick ; the beast will soon be dead and

then it won't feel, but we, we shall be alive, and we must get home to our tea, or we shall be late for our evening booze ; so, hurry up there, make the obstinate thing move on. 'Come up will you—' whack !

The cruelties of the slaughterhouses are intimately connected with the cruelties which precede the final act and thus while not dealing with these in any detail, eaters of flesh should be told that these cruelties exist, and will necessarily continue to exist so long as slaughter houses stand.

Just one short passage from *Cattle Ships*, to give an idea of the cruelties which precede the final scene :—

"On several occasions I saw the men pour paraffin oil into their ears, which, as soon as it reached the brain, caused the poor brutes to fairly shriek with pain. Occasionally the ears were stuffed with hay, which was then fired ; while in many instances the tails were snapped in the endeavours of the cattle-men to force the animals, that had lain down from sheer exhaustion, to regain their feet. The commander of the vessel was appealed to, in the hope that he would order a cessation of these cruel practices. 'I am, however, said he, 'powerless to interfere in the matter. My duties are simply to carry out the instructions of my employers, the cattle being regarded by me as freight, nothing else.' The reason that these animals, no matter how horribly mutilated, sick, or suffering, are not put out of their misery, is to

* "Cattle Ships," by Samuel Plimsoll, M.P. Price 1s.

be found in the imperative rules of the insurance companies both in New York and London."

The preceeding extract throws a gleam of light upon the awful picture of a cattle ship, and the horrors there suggested are borne out by the report of the departmental Committee appointed by the Board of Agriculture, 1894, in which the following terrible facts are brought to light:—

"Stick marks, according to the evidence of witnesses in the trade, are easily recognisable, and consist of blue lines and patches discoloured with extravasated blood. The extent to which the use of the stick enters into the Irish cattle trade may be best understood by following the evidence as to the treatment of the cattle from the Irish fair, at which they are bought to the port of embarkation. Their treatment at some of the fairs, according to Mr. Hedley, F.R.C.V.S., and Chief Inspector of the Veterinary Department at Dublin Castle, is 'simply brutal.' There are no means of separating the different lots of cattle, and a stick is used, often a very heavy one, to get the heads of the beasts together, so that they will not break away. The stick is used for the purpose of keeping them together or of separating them, and the beasts, many of which have been driven long distances during the night, are kept standing huddled together during the fair. After that they are driven to the railway station, a process in which they receive more beating, "because the driver is paid so much for loading them, and the more frequently he can go backwards and forwards the more money he can earn. The animal thus starts on his journey very often in an



unfit condition, even for a train journey. Arrived at the end of the train journey, the story was taken up by Mr. Fleming, a bullockman of 41 years' experience on board ship, whose graphic narrative can be best given in his own words. After explaining how animals might get bruised at the fair in Ireland, Mr. Fleming went on to say:—'For instance, I might go and buy 30, or 40, or 50 heifers, and have them sent to North Wall, to the city of Dublin, and I telegraph the time they are to get there. Well, they are met at the railway station, and the man says, 'Go down with those fifty heifers, you and that fellow there.' These fellows have two sticks. They go down to the railway, and they arrive at 9 o'clock in the morning. Somebody is there before them, and they say they want three or four wag-gons, and somebody comes along and says 'You take them cattle out of that.' 'You come and put them out yourself,' say the fellows. Then they go to work, and they belabour each other's cattle, but unfortunately the cattle get the whole of it. The man does not care a threepenny bit so long as he gets half-a-crown.'

"Fleming's contention was that this preliminary treatment fully explained the stick marks found on the animals after slaughter, and that it was unjust to award the blame for them to those concerned with handling the animals on board ship. The cattle-dealing witnesses, however contradicted him on this point. Mr. O'Connor, an Irish cattle dealer, declared that there was ten times as much stick used on board the boats as anywhere else. Several witnesses spoke to beatings with ropes and sticks in order to force the beasts up or down steep gangways and cattle ladders. Mr. Nelson recommended a form of

gangway to obviate the necessity of the man at the shore end of a gangway using the stick to the extent necessary to give the bullock an impetus to carry him on to the other end of the gangway, where he would be under the control of another stick, as he says is now very often done. Finally, it is stated that the cattle are frequently landed promiscuously, and that a further process of beating has to be resorted to in order to separate the different consignments, or 'draw them,' as it is called.

"Bruises of a character seriously affecting the value of the meat are said to occur during the process of shipping and unshipping cattle through the animals being forced against projections in gangways or angles of structures on deck, and through large and valuable animals bruising their backs against the combings of hatchways, in their descent to the lower part of the vessel by cattle ladders which do not allow sufficient headway. This, it is alleged, they can only be forced to do by cruel beatings and tail-twisting, and when they do push through, according to statements made to us, the most valuable portion of their flesh, the thick roasting portions along the back, is frequently bruised to such an extent as to render it unsaleable.

"The worst class of bruises, however, are described as those which occur through animals falling or lying down on shipboard and getting trampled on. To these causes are ascribed not only extensive bruises of the muscles, but broken ribs and hips, and laceration of the subcutaneous tissues which connect the skin to the subjacent fasciæ of the back, at times so extensive that when the beast, having been flayed along the legs and underportions, is slung up by the legs for the purpose of

completing the operation, the skin, on being loosened round the tail, is described as dropping to the ground through its own weight. Thus Mr. Davies, ex-President of the Liverpool Butchers' Association, told us of a lot of seven bullocks so badly injured in this way that when they were hoisted, as described, in the process of flaying 'as soon as the hide was loosened from the tail, cut off there, the hide simply flopped on the floor, there not being sufficient left intact to hold the hide on the beast's back.' These cattle had been landed on a Friday or Saturday, sold in the Liverpool Cattle Market on Monday, and slaughtered and flayed the same night. Again, Mr. Nelson, an extensive cattle salesman in Glasgow, declared that he had 'hundreds and hundreds of times' himself seen, when the cattle were partially flayed, the hides fall right off them owing to the bruises, and had often wondered how cattle could live and travel and stand the market in the condition which was revealed when the hide was taken off. As to broken ribs, Mr. Cassidy, an Irish dealer, who passed through his hands over 6,000 cattle per annum, put the number of cases of broken ribs at between 100 and 150, and told the Committee that out of one lot of 20 fat cattle which he had sold, the purchaser complained that he found 10 of them with the ribs broken."

If we turn away with sickening hearts from these records of suffering caused by brutal and thoughtless and careless men, and hope to take consolation in the belief that all these atrocities are committed without forethought or consideration, what shall we say when we

turn to records of another character where deliberation and set purpose are especially involved.

The refinement of the degradation which is connected with looking upon animals as mere machines for transforming plain natural food into odoriferous "delicacies" may be gathered from the following extract from a little book of mine entitled "The Dangers of Flesh-Food."*

"People talk, and rightly talk of the cruelty involved in the vivi-sectional experiments of feeding animals on noxious substances whereby their internal organs have been permanently injured; but I confess that in all such records I have read few things more revolting than the production of diseased livers in Strasburg geese, and this, not for any scientific purpose or for the attainment of knowledge *professedly* for the benefit of humanity, but simply and solely for the production of a *loathsome* delicacy which a depraved appetite had learned to demand.

It is well known how the Strasburg market wives feed their geese, penned up in darkness, and given as much food constantly as they care to eat. In addition, the woman comes along at fixed intervals and catching her victims one by one by their necks, or holding them between her legs, she opens the mouth and pushes down with her finger or stick the stiff meal porridge she has provided. Little by little the liver becomes diseased, and still the horrible process goes daily on, until at length so enlarged and so altered has the whole organ become, that

* "The Dangers of Flesh Food," Ideal Publishing Union, price 1s.

in daily misery the poor creature lingers on, until to prevent its dying it is killed, and while the body goes to the ordinary market, the specially diseased liver is removed and treated as one of the delicacies of human food. It is not in Strasburg alone that this monstrous system exists, for although the object in England is not to produce diseased livers, it is to produce heavy fowls, the disease being merely thrown in as an incidental extra. Let me quote an extract from the *Times* of May 7th, 1894. In describing the Iville poultry farm at Baynard's near Ipswich the property of C. E. Brooke, master of the Poulterers' Co, the writer says ;

“ For the first week the food consists of a thick mixture of ground oats and water, which is given to the birds in a trough extending along the front of each tier of pens. For two subsequent weeks the birds are fed solely by cramming, and are then ready to be killed. The cramming food consists of a mixture of barley-meal, oatmeal, and skim milk, together with the best beef and mutton fat obtainable, the proportion of fat being increased day by day. The cramming machine is a light contrivance which the attendant can wheel along in front of the pens. To feed a bird he takes it out of the pen and places his left hand on the crop, into which with his right hand he guides an india-rubber tube from the machine. By pressing a treadle with his foot he forces food into the bird's crop, the contact of his left hand with which enables him to judge as to the amount which should be allowed. A careless or inexperienced attendant might easily burst the crop by surcharging it, but a smart man will safely feed 100 birds from the machine in the space of 20 minutes. Feeding in the cramming house takes

place twice a day, at 7 a. m, and 4. 30. p. m. As soon as the feeding is over, the blinds of the skylights are drawn down, and the birds are left in quiet and semi-darkness to digest the meal they have received and to acquire an appetite for the next. The pens are only large enough to permit the birds to turn round, so that the wear and tear of muscle which would be involved in running about are avoided. Besides the plump young birds which are thus fed up, old and quarrelsome fowls are fattened and sold for making soup. The output of birds from this farm is about 5,000 a year."

The possibility of bursting crops in this operation is no mere hypothetical one, for a very skilled man on this same farm in reply to a question by a correspondent of the *Standard* (May 7th 1894) "Do you ever burst a crop?" replied "Not now, but I did formerly a few times."

What this means while ordinary men are learning dexterity in the use of the machine is almost too horrible to think of. To say nothing of the youths or boys who are frequently set to feed the birds with these disgusting cramming machines on farms where skilled men cannot be afforded.

Just a peep into the world of patient endurance and pain which we are inflicting on the animal world by depriving them of exercise in order to fatten them, and then driving them long weary miles, to market and to death. Just a thought of those terrible journeys when

their exhaustion and hopeless weariness is no longer of any market importance, for they are so soon to die. If we turn to the same Report of the Commission to which I have already alluded, we find it stated that

"A second cause in the deterioration in value of Irish cattle in transit has been stated to be want of water, fatigue on the journey from the breeders to the British market, and want of sufficient ventilation when at sea. The combined effect of these, together with the mental excitement inseparable from strange surroundings is said to bring about a 'fevered' condition of the animal, manifesting itself in dry, sapless, and blackened flesh, which materially depreciates its market value. Many of the animals are sent from inland fairs to the port of embarkation. Some of them have been driven to the fair overnight, and are kept standing there during the day, it may be without food and water. When sold they are driven to the station and trucked, often already in a condition unfit even for the train journey. Arrived in Dublin, for example, a large number are brought down by rail, and some are driven across the town to the shipping lairages, where it may be for the first time for twelve hours and upwards they have an opportunity of drinking and resting themselves, and if the owner or his agent cares to order forage for them, of getting food. Often the time between their arrival and embarkation is too short to allow of their being fully fed even when forage is provided, and in a large number of cases no forage is ordered, though water is always obtainable. The result is that the animals start on a further journey, extending it may be over twelve to eighteen hours, during which they are without either food or water, and compelled to stand the whole time. When disembarked, water is provided, under departmental regulations already in force, but the animals are so exhausted that if allowed access to water it is stated they would overdrink and injure themselves, and it is not till after they have been driven several miles across town to a dealer's or railway lairage that they are given food, and then allowed to drink. This being so, as stated by Mr. Dwyer, cattle have frequently to do without water for sixteen or twenty hours, and occasionally thirty-six or forty hours without food, and in an extreme case, like that mentioned by Mr. Abrahams, when a vessel has been detained by fog, they may find themselves unable to lie down and deprived of food and water for as much as fifty or sixty hours."

And in the *Animals' Friend** for November 1894, the same subject is forcibly put in the following way :

"Do you really think," I asked, "that there is really

* 20, Victoria Street, S.W., Monthly 1d.



The calf is hauled up, head downwards, and then hammered to death.



Often before the animal is dead the butcher begins to use the knife. Notice the uplifted foot showing that the poor thing is still conscious.

such cruelty involved in the whole or any part of the system under which people's tables are supplied with animal food?"

"Think?" he replied; "it is more than opinion, it is fact. Listen! Have you ever stood beneath Holborn Viaduct and watched the hundreds of animals passing by on a Monday night? Have you ever speculated for a moment what these poor creatures are going to face? Have you ever watched their massive bodies and noble heads, and pleading pathetic eyes, as in tired wonder they look in vain for a friend; yapped at by dogs and prodded from behind by drovers, they have to limp on, footsore and weary, to their doom. Curious people stand and watch the efforts that are made to get some poor brute up again that has deliberately laid down, too tired to go a step further. Have you seen then what curses and sticks and tail-twisting will do? She is up again on her pathway of doom. *Morituri te salutant* is the meaning of those sad bellowings."

"Yes," I remark, "I have seen those things and been sickened by them. When one gives one's imagination play it seems dreadful."

"Dreadful! Yes, and is it the drovers who are the torturers of those innocents? No, they are but the rude instruments of the market. They are the product of their trade, and as I look upon this passing procession of sentient creatures, I know that those who demand their carcasses for food are the ones who are really guilty for all that is entailed in this barbarous spectacle."

And now the slaughterhouse itself! I do not draw

that great line of distinction between public and private slaughterhouses which some would have us believe exists. The difference is often that which exists between a small business which a man looks after himself and the large concern which is entrusted to uninterested subordinates to carry out. The butcher who slaughters the beasts which he has bought and which he is going to sell when dead, has some bond of sympathy with them and is careful not to injure them, in any way at any rate which will deteriorate by a single halfpenny the carcass from which he will get his profit. In the public slaughter house, the men are machines, there are more of them together, they have no interest in their work beyond ordinary efficiency. The result is that not only are all bonds of sympathy absolutely wanting but, as always happens when brutalized humans work in crowds, the spirit of the brute within manifests itself by external brutal acts which are stimulated by the laugh of approval of the others. Many a vicious, nasty, act of fiendish cruelty to poor helpless animals has thus been done when a number of men are present, which would never have been thought of had the man been alone with no one to join with him in the spectacle of the impotent struggles of the dying creature trying to terminate its agonising sufferings.

From my own observation of the character of the men engaged in the greatest public slaughterhouse in the

and, I should shudder at the thought of being entrusted to their power at times when they had a little leisure and when the spirit of the brute within them was awakened by an obscene jest or an atrocious suggestion; or even on occasions when they were tired or cross or the worse for beer. Such times are only too common, and then the poor creatures who are being done to death by them, have to suffer agonies, of which the outside world knows and hears nothing.

The real decided advantages to my mind of the public over the private slaughterhouse are the better accommodation and the more powerful machinery for readily drawing down and holding fast the heads of large beasts while they are being hammered to death or are having their throats cut, and generally speaking of more expeditious handling of them, and lastly the readiness and ease with which such buildings could be inspected as opposed to the practically uninspected state of the private slaughterhouses to-day.

From the whole nature of the case however I do not see the slightest reason to believe that the general substitution of abattoirs for private slaughterhouses would so greatly reduce the suffering of the animals, as it often imagined, and I believe that much of the support given to the "model abattoirs" movement covers an attempt by the eaters and lovers of flesh to be able to continue

their practice without the *odium crudelitatis* which is becoming attached ever in the public mind to the shambles and their environment. I only wonder that we do not have a Model Vivisection Society formed to demonstrate to the world by *models* how easy it is to vivisect animals with but the minimum of pain, and thus to draw away men's minds from the whole question of the rightness and wrongness of deliberately perpetuating cruelty.

The various methods of putting to death which are applied to nearly all animals used for human food fall, generally speaking, under two heads :

The first is by injuring the brain or spinal cord, and the second is by draining away the blood from the animal.

The first may be done in many ways, but they are all modifications of the general principle, that in order to cause unconsciousness, you must injure the seat of consciousness—the brain.

The usual method in vogue in England is to drive the animal to the door of the slaughter-house, and then throw a rope or chain over its horns, and then throw the other end of the rope over a beam, or attach it to a windlass, and so pull the animal in, till its head is wedged firmly in a corner, or against a barrier. While the creature is held in this position the slaughterman

takes a poleaxe (which is a very long handled hammer with a heavy head ending in a steel spike,) and standing in front of the animal, brings it down with all his force upon the centre of the creature's head. The spike may penetrate the bone and stick fast in, and the man may break away a piece of the skull in getting it loose again, or the bony frontal bone may be so hard that it does not break its way in. In either case, the beast may fall at once as if shot, while a peculiar stiffening process runs all down the spine to the very end of the tail—a ghastly stiffening out in death, which, once seen, will never be forgotten. The likelihood, however, is that the animal will not fall, but will only bellow and roar, and dash its body from side to side in its agony. If the rope or chain holds taut, so that the head cannot move, the man simply lifts up his axe again and brings it down again as before, with just the same result. This may go on for a long time. If the man is strong and skilled, and the gearing is good, he generally succeeds in bringing the animal down in from one to five blows, but if he is not very strong, or not skilled enough to hit exactly in the right spot, or if the animal can get its head at all loose in its agonising struggles, he may go hitting away for a long time, and may even—not unfrequently—have to stop and rest awhile, while the poor thing stands in all the terror of death and suffering before him.

Where ropes are used, and these have to be tied in a primitive way, or held by another man, the poor creature is generally able to get its head so far loose that the utmost difficulty is experienced in getting it close up again and in hitting in the right spot; and what agonies are endured when an excited man is bringing down a spiked steel hammer, blow after blow, with all his might upon the head, can be conjectured rather than realised. A blow above the orbit would break through and burst the eyeball; above the nose would force its way into the delicately nervous chamber where the olfactory nerves are all spread out and would cause intensest agony, while the front of the head generally below the margin of the frontal bone is highly sensitive and a life time of suffering could be crowded into these terrible minutes which prelude unconsciousness and death.

To make the description of animal suffering in the slaughter house clear however, it must be remembered that there is not only the absolute and intense physical suffering which is endured during the actual process of killing to be considered, but in addition to this, there is the equally terrible mental and physical suffering which precedes the strokes of death.

In a roomy, well arranged abattoir, the little companies of the doomed, which are driven up pen by pen of about half a dozen at a time, go readily and happily

enough to the same enclosure outside the actual slaughter house.

I have watched, with that sense of pain which comes



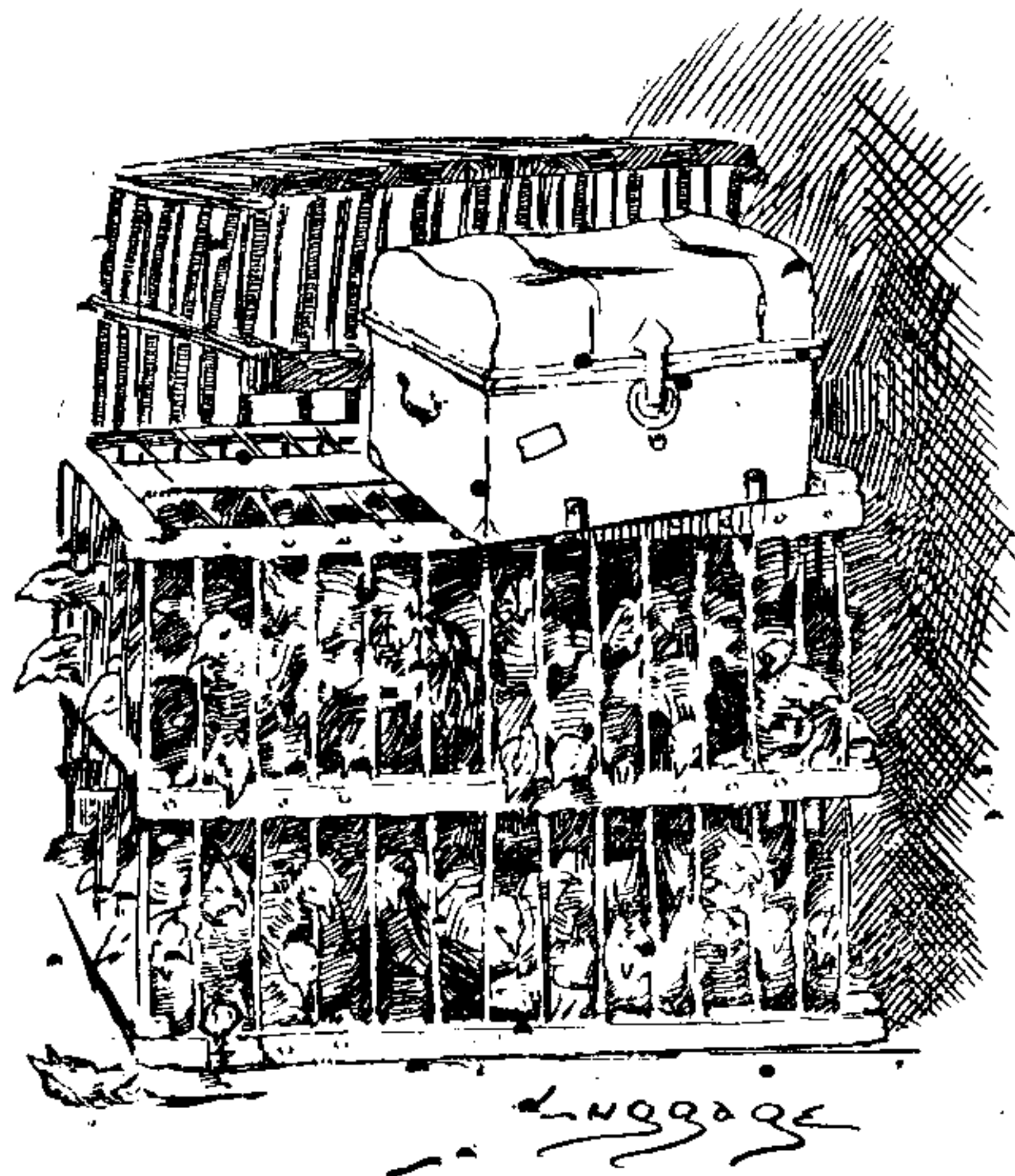
Cramming

CHICKEN CRAMMING. See page 26.

over you when you see someone being deceived that you are powerless to help—the expectant beasts that had been deprived of food for the day, turn out with the



CHICKEN KILLING AND PLUCKING.



[Poultry sent by rail to market are habitually over-packed. It saves a great deal of trouble to put them all into one crate and if one or two get suffocated on the way it is not a matter of much consequence as they will all be "dead" soon after! I have again and again seen fowls thus crushed together, with gaping mouths gasping for breath.

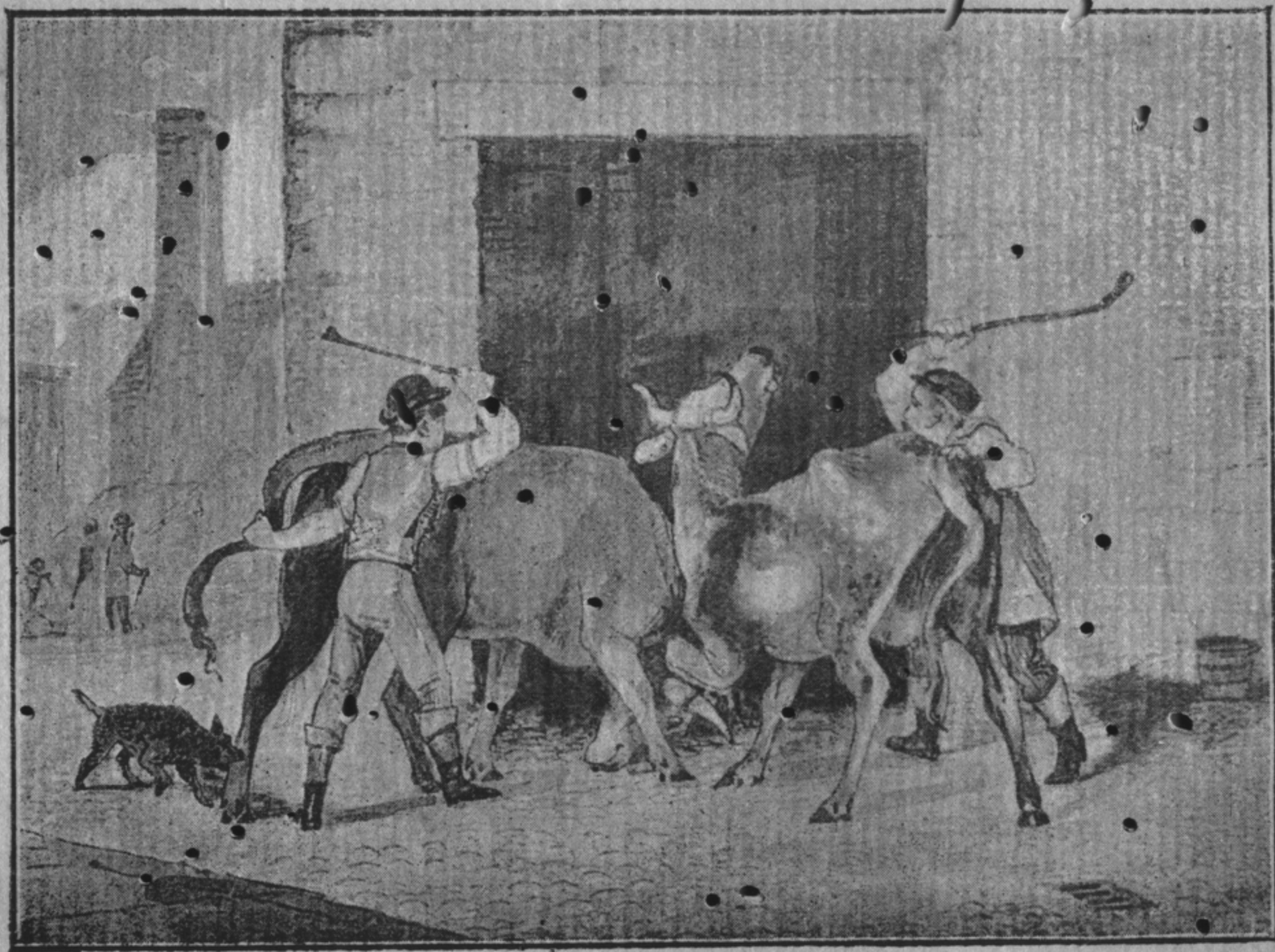
It is by no means an uncommon occurrence to have one crate thrown on the top of another crate. Before it is done, the porter, when he is a humane man, pushes down all the protruding heads in the lower crate, but just as the upper one is thrown down a head or two often get in the way and a twisted neck, or a head crushed or torn off, results.

When poultry are being sent by rail for other purposes, much greater care is taken to preserve them from injury, it is only when the market system of selling these sentient creatures to be killed for food comes in, that the inhumanity and the brutality and the indifference to their pain and suffering is manifested.]

utmost alacrity as their stall man opened the gate of their pen. Their tails swinging to and fro, with eager eyes and tossing heads they hurried along. Trust, confidence, and expectation of food written in every line of their expressive faces. And knowing as I did to what they were going so gaily, I shuddered with a shudder I could not repress. A similar feeling came over me the first time I saw a happy, merry, bright-eyed terrier leap up with a radiant expression of intense joy on to the vivisection table, to which he would be so shortly bound, and the thread of whose life even now the Parcae were preparing to sever.

The same feeling came over me once when I wanted to shoot a pet cat that had been accidentally burnt, and that was in great suffering, and whose recovery was hopeless. Every time that I laid it on the garden path and walked a few yards away ~~some~~ to get my gun up to shoot it, it dragged its raw and blistered limbs along after me with all the haste it could, and tried to push against my legs. It was only happy in its pain to be quite near to me, although I was going to take away its life. In this case, however, it was for its own good, as I believed.

When these half dozen cattle are once inside the little pen, their time of pain and terror commences. One man tries to head the first beast selected towards



OUTSIDE THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

the slaughter-house door, and another tries to throw the chain, or rope, over its horns.

It is strange how rapidly the poor animal becomes conscious of its danger, and if the first attempt is unsuccessful, it is often very difficult to induce it, in spite of all the shoutings, and cursings, and blows, to come near enough for a second trial.

As soon as the chain is over the horns, the veritable fight for life begins. It feels the power drawing at its head, and with all its might resists. The man behind prods it in tender places, and it shrinks forward from the blow; an inch further forward; it tries to get that inch back again, but the force before is inexorable as fate; a dexterous twist of the tail, and in sharp agony it rushes a step onward; another foot nearer to death; its head is now just inside the dark doorway, and its keen smell detects the dank odour of blood which fills the place. In the semi-darkness ahead, it sees the blood bespattered slaughtermen in their smocks, and a sense of infinite despair and terror seems to come over it. I can picture to myself the man on the gallows giving that last hopeless despairing look, as there bursts upon his aching memory the visions of all the happiness that are gone for ever, but he may have religion or philosophy to console him, the poor brute in its day of Death has neither. The deepest horrors of the Inquisition lay in

the hopeless knowledge of the sad sufferer that he was in the hands of enemies; that he was alone without a friendly eye to look upon him, or a kindly hand to soothe him in his agonies; that the tortures ahead were all terrible, strange, and unknown.

These are just the things which make these slaughter-house deaths infinitely horrible. Even the vivisection dog in the moment of acutest suffering, will often rely in perfect confidence upon the arm that is cutting at his vitals, and when loosed will lick the hand that has inflicted the pain. Such a dog escapes the most acute suffering of all—the anguish of an unknown, overpowering, dread.

Great, strong bullocks and cows, full of sensibility and with nervous organisations acutely perceptive, are so appalling in their terror! Their eyeballs starting; their tongue protruding; the hard, rapid, breathing; the head dragged forward by the chain; every muscle at its fullest tension; every hair on end; perspiration streaming from every pore, and bellowing, or still more, pathetically moaning, they are forced on towards the fatal ring. Slipping on the blood slimed floor they fall, but every fall is only a little nearer the end. The bruises, the skin scraped off, the strains, are unheeded, it is terror which predominates.

It is this prelude of mental as well as physical suffer-

ing which stamps all the forms of slaughtering of large animals of highly developed organisations. The battle may rage about the Jewish Shechita, the Italian stab, the German mallet, or the English poleaxe, but the preliminary *via dolorosa* is the same in all, and is soul-revolting in every one.

I have sketched out in plain language, what takes place in an ordinary first-rate English abattoir, let me supplement this by giving some extracts from the pen of Dr. Dembo, of St. Petersburg,* whose experience of slaughtering extends over the whole of the continent, as well as of England.

I am specially anxious to draw attention to the fact that his experiences relate chiefly to the horrors of abattoirs. I do this because so many people seem to think that it is in private slaughter-houses only that cruel pain and suffering are inflicted and that in abattoirs all is peace. Remember then that it is of the abattoirs that Dr. Dembo is speaking when he says of the mallet process of stunning.

"My experience in the abattoirs has taught me that those cases in which an ox is stunned by one blow only, are the exception rather than the rule. And, besides, even if the animal falls at the first stroke, that does not in the least prove that it has lost consciousness and does not feel the subsequent blows. On the contrary, it

* "The Jewish Method of Slaughter," by J. A. Dembo. M.D. Price 2s. 6d. nett.

happens that an ox, after having been felled by the first blow, and having received three or four blows more, suddenly jumps up fully conscious. In a slaughter house at Berlin, and once in another place, I saw an ox, after four or five heavy blows on the head, suddenly manage to free its head from the hands of the men holding it, and make straight for the door. This fact is also maintained by veterinary surgeons employed in slaughter-houses. In the Report of the Meeting of the Veterinary Officials of Slaughter-houses in the District of Arnsberg, I find the following statement made by Veterinary-Surgeon Goldstein: 'Striking with the club is very unsafe. All of you know that the animal often receives many blows, and has to suffer intense pain before it is stunned.'

'In the abattoir of Lucerne, two oxen were killed by stunning in the presence of the veterinary surgeon of that establishment, M. C. Rosselet, and myself. On one animal the first blow had no effect whatever; after the second it fell down on its knees, but remained standing on its hind legs, and only after five further blows did it fall down entirely. The second animal, which was only two years old, fell at the first stroke. That the ox feels every succeeding blow is proved by its conscious movements, by the bellowing and groaning to which it sometimes gives vent, and by its turning round from one side to the other. The butchers know that very well, and continue to strike the animal until the movements cease—i. e., until they are sure that he will not jump up any more. One must see the deep holes made with the hammer in the bones of the skull to form a right conception of the agony the animal has to suffer in this method of killing. Amongst my notes there is a case (and I could

give the name of the slaughter-house if necessary) where the animal was struck with the hammer *eleven* times before it fell. Such barbarous ill-usage may make the animal furious, and in small provincial towns where in the slaughter-house there are no iron rings to fasten it to, the saddest accidents may sometimes occur."

"An animal, for instance, can be in full power of its consciousness without being intelligent, but the reverse is quite impossible. Now if complete loss of the intellect is only possible when the whole cortex of the brain has been injured, it is evident that for *complete loss* of consciousness to occur, at least the same extent of injury will be required. Or, in other words, the greater the extent of the injury, the more will the consciousness suffer. Apart from this, I may here call attention to the fact, long ago discovered by Flourens and Vulpian, and proved by numerous experiments, that the corresponding parts are similar in structure in both halves of the brain, arranged for the same function, and can replace each other if necessary. Complete unconsciousness can thus be caused only by an extensive injury to both hemispheres of the brain. Consequently the animal, having been struck by the first and second blows of the butcher, may still not be sufficiently injured to lose consciousness completely, although it may appear unconscious."

"My statistics, compiled from many hundred cases observed in the slaughter-houses of Germany and Switzerland, shew that on an average five or six blows are required to stun an ox completely. If we assume that the lifting of the hammer, the blow and the interval between one blow and the other, each occupy but one

second, the animal's suffering must last not less than twelve seconds before it ceases to feel.

But how often have I not seen that it was impossible to count these operations by seconds only. Now and then it even happens that after a long and fruitless trial, the slaughterer, tired out, is sent away to be replaced by another man, and the animal in the meantime has to suffer extreme pain from the blows which it has already received. If things of this kind happen in the largest and best regulated abattoirs of Europe, where naturally the most skilled slaughterers are employed, we are justified in asking what is to be expected from this method of killing in the country with the primitive arrangement of slaughter-houses there? In what agonies must the animal die after these unsuccessful attempts to stun it!

My estimate, that on an average five to six blows are required to stun an ox, is confirmed by several veterinary professors and directors of abattoirs, as Professors Chauveau, Gerlach, Adam, Zaugg, Hertwig and others, whilst an estimate given by the Board of the Butchers' Guild of Frankfort-on-the-Main, on December 5, 1885, even exceeds the numbers given by myself."

"Watching the further steps in slaughtering, with previous stunning, we see that between the act of stunning and that of bleeding, a certain time, as a rule, is allowed to elapse, because, as experienced butchers know, the escape of blood immediately after stunning is too scanty; therefore, they are not in a hurry to start the slaughtering proper. In such instances, when the knife, and particularly when a somewhat blunt knife, is plunged into the animal, or when the butcher, in order to open the cavity of the chest, uses the knife too much, I have often

had the opportunity of seeing that the animal, which had been lying quietly till then, made distinctly "conscious" movements. But when the interval between stunning and bleeding had for some reason or other been too long, I saw signs of consciousness so distinct that they could not escape even the eye of a person not trained in medicine. A few times I heard the animals groan with pain in a most distressing manner."

Describing the English method of poleaxing Dr Dembo says;—

"It is evident that in consequence of the thickness of the skull-bones in an ox, and particularly in an aged ox, an unusual strength and practice is required to hit the exact spot and fracture the skull at the first blow. Cases in which several blows are required are very frequent. On my first visit to the Deptford slaughtering yards in London I found that the number of blows struck was five and more. In one case the ox, after having received several blows, became furious, and broke the massive iron chain which fastened him. In a slaughtering yard belonging to Messrs. Spiers and Pond I witnessed a most painful scene, and notwithstanding my long familiarity with slaughter-houses, I could not endure to the end the sight of the fearful sufferings which the poor animal during twelve long minutes endured. At the second blow, the ox sank on his hindlegs, but at the fourth he rose again with such a dreadful bellowing that all present turned to fly. The butchers tried long to hit it a deadly blow, but the maddened animal dashed its head about so violently that it was impossible for them to effect this until twelve minutes by my watch had elapsed, and six other blows had followed the first.

If such scenes are witnessed in London, where the slaughter-men are evidently experienced, and where all precautions are taken to guard against such accidents, what must we imagine this method to be when employed in small towns and villages?"

The third method of destroying consciousness by injuring the brain or spinal cord is by what is known as the neck stab.

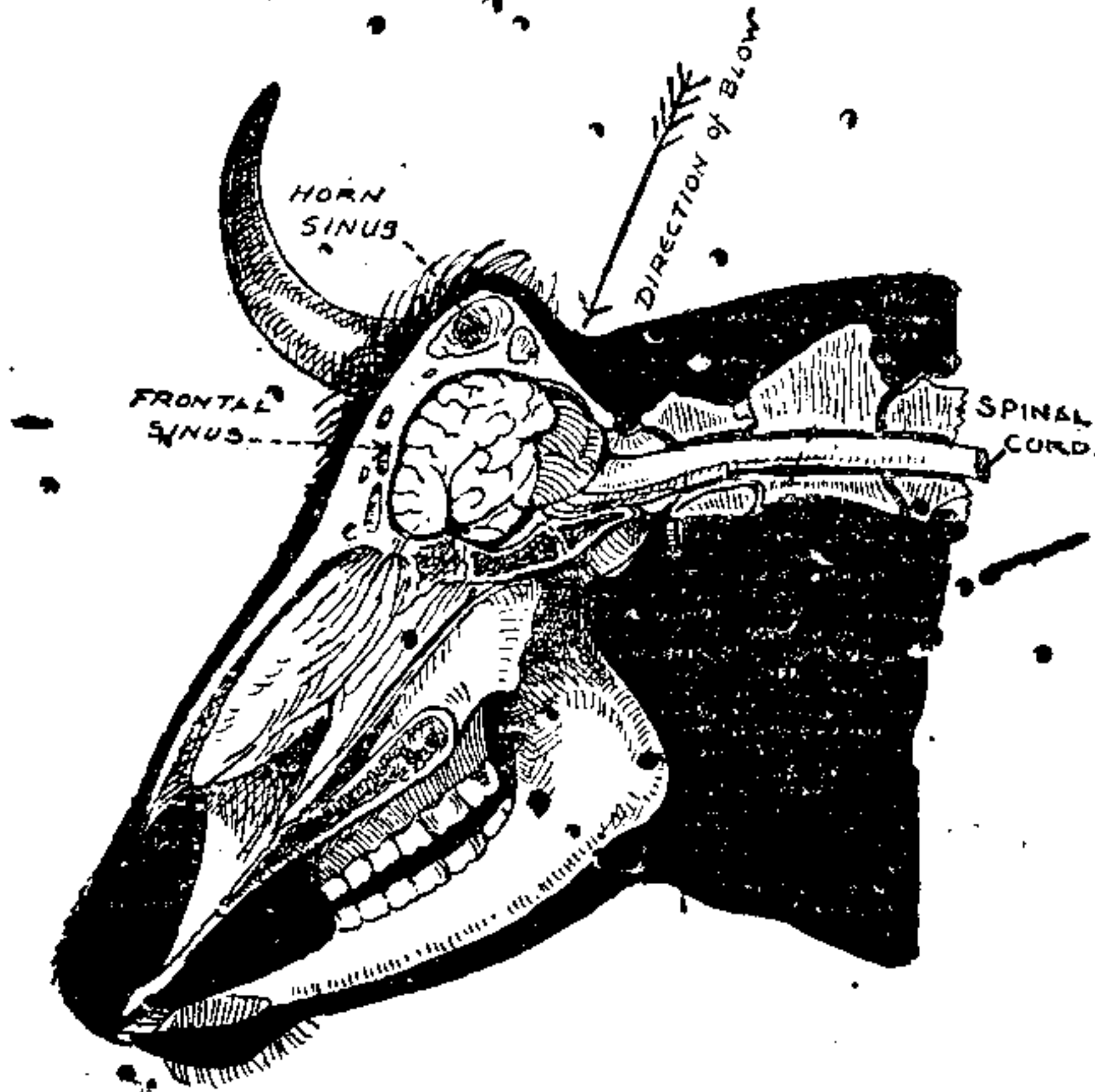
Some years ago it was thought that this method would eventually supersede all others and marvellous stories were told of the "instantaneous and painless death" by this process in the hands of a skilled man. It was asserted that a Neapolitan butcher armed with a 6 inch pointed dagger could sit above a doorway and that as the animal was driven through he could stab it in the neck with a single blow which would cause instant death!

So long as no definite and reliable experiments were made, this story held currency, but immediately a commission began to examine into it, the rosy colour disappeared and the bold facts came out in all their nakedness. Nowadays it is generally recognized that Neapolitan slaughter houses are dens of terrible cruelty.

In the first place it was found that one stab was seldom enough to 'drop' the beast, and in the second place that when the poor thing was 'dropped' it was not dead or even unconscious, and in the third place that this stab

injuring the posterior sensory nerves of the cervical or sub-occipital region would cause very acute agony.

It is true that the animal falls "all of a heap" but this betokens muscle paralysis, and not loss of consciousness. This method of slaughtering which is em-



THE NECK STAR.

ployed in St. Petersburg, Mayence, and Naples is thus described by Dr Dembo;—

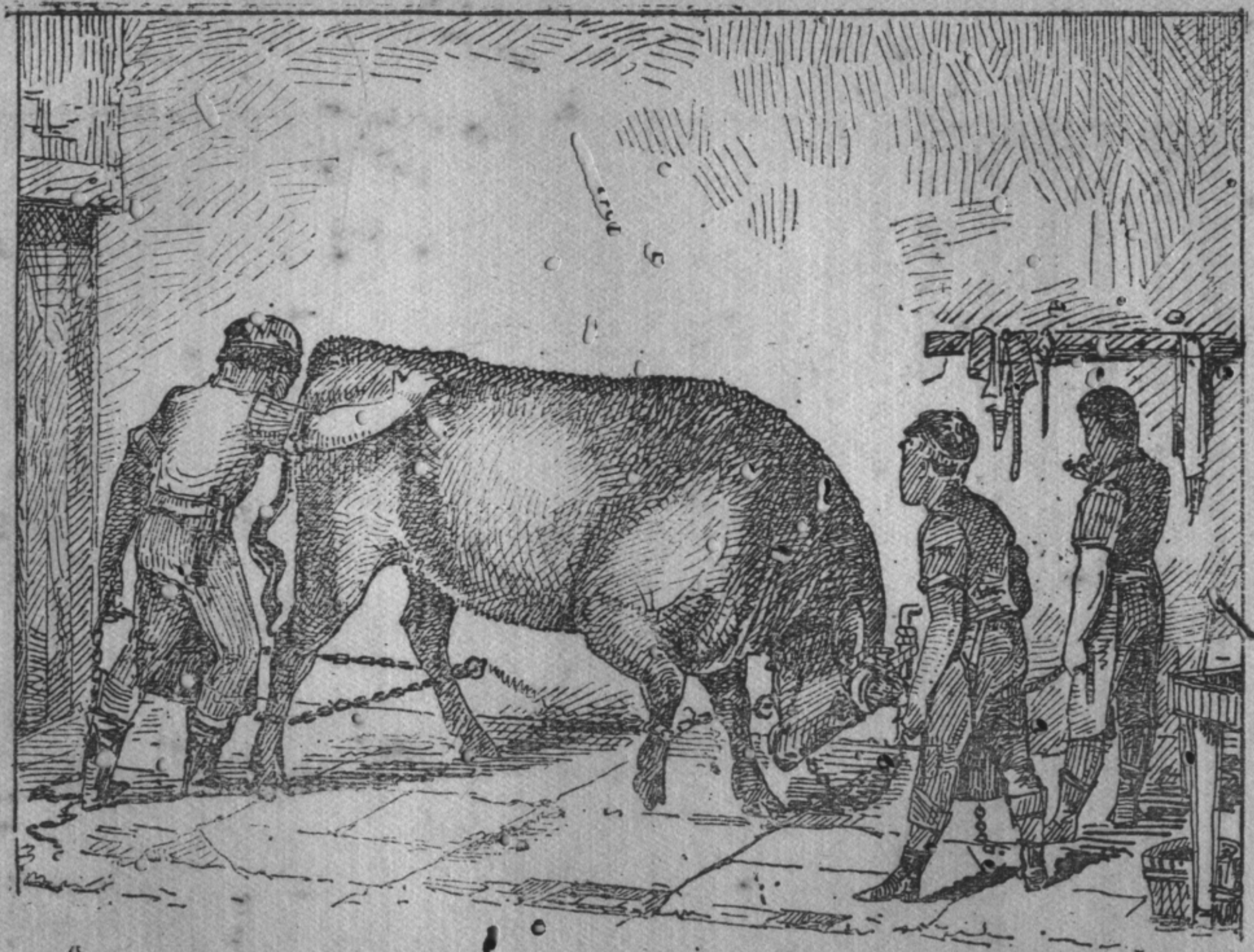
"The head of the ox is drawn down by means of a rope fastened to its horns and passed through a strong iron ring fixed in the floor; then a large iron hook held by a

rope coiling on a windlass is made to catch the right loin in order that the animal should fall on its left side. After that they proceed with the killing proper."

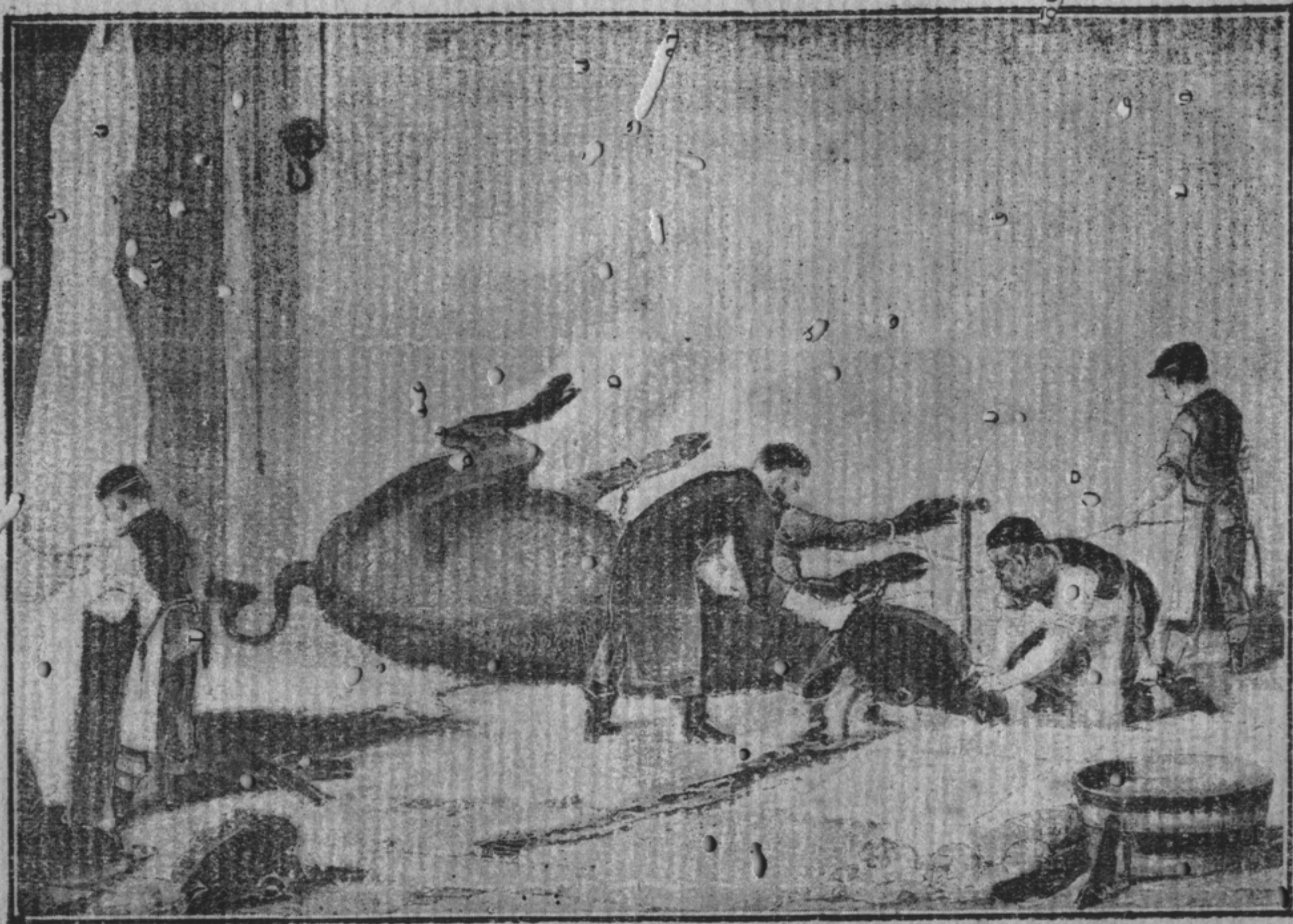
"The butcher, armed with a pointed dagger, six inches long, stands before the ox, and with great force thrusts the dagger into the space from before backwards. On the instant the animal falls motionless to the ground seemingly without any sign of life. After this the slaughterman moves the dagger, which has meanwhile remained in the wound, from before backward and from one side to the other for the purpose of destroying the medulla. Sometimes I could count ten such movements or even more; and at other times again the slaughterman, after having withdrawn the dagger, thrusts it in once more lest the animal should interfere with his work, as he says."

"It is evident that this method is a very cruel one, since it entails the wounding of the posterior sensory nerve-roots of the spinal cord. The animal is brought to the ground by the wound in the spinal column, but paralysis of its extremities and all muscles below the injured part results from this wound, while not alone do perspiration and the heart's action continue, but the animal is further in full possession of its consciousness."

The final method of taking life is by draining away the blood, which is popularly called "The Jewish method." This consists in throwing the animal down and then cutting its throat. Nearly everyone has seen a pig killing, if instead of a pig which is not much larger than a man and therefore comparatively easy to manage, an ox or a cow be substituted, the difficulties involved in getting them into



The Jewish method of slaughtering (casting.)



The Jewish method of slaughtering (throat cutting,)

position and then getting them down before the throat be cut, are sufficient to ensure that suffering and pain of the gravest character will be inflicted. It is so different demonstrating on a may be selected "Model" animal before a company of lookers on, and having to "get through" a hundred terrified beasts of all sorts for market.

The Berlin Society for the protection of animals has circulated millions of leaflets against this Jewish method owing to the cruelty involved in it. Legislators have been moved to forbid it by law owing to the sufferings it entailed and yet, horrible though it admittedly is, there is good reason to believe that it is not the worst method in use by far! If that which is upheld by hundreds of thousands of intelligent Jews as being one of the best methods known, be so bad, wherewith shall we classify the worst?

I have only one further point to deal with. It may be asked and rightly asked, "are there no humane methods of slaughtering? and if so can we not concentrate all our energies to get such methods adopted everywhere?" I readily admit that there are degrees of suffering and that while some are inexpressibly brutal, others are by comparison humane. I think further that during the transition period while Vivisection and Slaughter still exist, we should do our best to reduce the amount of suffering in-

fllicted in each, just as in every other quarter where pain is endured by animals at the hands of men, but I must confess that I see no signs, from either a physical or ethical standpoint, of being able to breed, feed and slaughter animals for the market painlessly—or even comparatively painlessly—so that I can only look upon Slaughter Houses as temporary evils which must be eventually swept away from the face of the earth, and must become as abhorrent to the mind of the civilised man of the future as Slave Ships are to the minds of the best men of to-day.

We must minimise suffering in every way in our power, but we must be careful that in doing so we do not lose sight of the ultimate of the human race—the attainment of the merciful kindness of the divine within.

There are many who are pleading—and rightly pleading—for “Model Slaughter Houses;” it is better to do a little good than to sit down and cry for an impossible moon, but the danger of the movement lies in the apotheosizing of the “Model Slaughter House” as a thing good in itself, instead of being merely a temporary improvement on the existing state of things.

The moment you have passed a law for the public regulation of these houses of death, and the substitution of the public abattoir for the private slaughter house, you have removed one great incentive to reform. Every one

becomes satisfied that the matter is no longer any concern of theirs.

"These places" they say at once "are under State control and State regulation and inspection and therefore they are sure to be all right. Everything will be done that is possible to be done and why need we worry any more, let us turn to reforming other things which do not entail such unpleasant thoughts to ourselves as does this Slaughter House business."

I am reminded of that letter of Carlyle's which he wrote in 1840 adversely criticising Lord Macauley's political writings, and which he wound up with the words "That the pigs be taught to die without squealing; there is the sole improvement according to him. Did whiggery ever express itself in a more damnable manner?"

It is better to teach pigs to die without squealing than to inflict such suffering upon them that they squeal themselves to death by exhaustion and suffocation, none the less the ultimate is not there; there is so much degradation involved to humanity in devoting itself to the systematic and cold blooded taking away of life that the public cannot be told too plainly that they are doing despite to their fellow men—as well as to animals—by perpetuating a pariah class of slaughtermen to do work which their conscience tells them it would revolt from allowing them to do themselves.

Let me however shortly consider some of the methods of less brutal slaughtering that have been suggested.

It is well to remember that if there were any really humane method which was equally expeditious and handy with those in use, it would be universally adopted, for men are not cruel in their slaughtering for the love of cruelty, but simply because they cannot help it.

If any painless method be discovered which is not equally convenient and expeditious, then we may be sure that every effort will be made to avoid using it except under compulsion. The use of compulsion in such a case would not only be requisite, but it would be justifiable, for it is well to require men who have not the *spirit* of humanity to observe at any rate the *form* of humanity, for by this means pain is saved to the animal world, and upon the man himself the *habit* of humanity is inculcated. Habit is usually second nature, but it is sometimes the forerunner of first nature, so that one who is kind by habit and training even though under compulsion, becomes himself to a certain extent, in the long run, the product of his habits and training, and thus eventually through this very enforced humanity of habit, the man becomes humane in self. Such a result is a real race training—a training that follows in the lines of those natural laws which declare that both individual and race alike develop and evolve by the force of environment and accu-

mulated experience. The latter is really only a form of mind resulting from habits externally enforced.

If, therefore, any method of more humane slaughtering could be discovered it certainly should be made compulsory even if it were somewhat less convenient, so long as the facilities for its evasion were not so numerous as to render the harm it did on the morals of those who were tempted to evade it greater than the good it did by enforcing a habit of less patent brutality than the present one.

Where, however, are such less brutal methods to be found?

The first reply is "Public Abattoirs." As I have previously shown, I do not feel any confidence that in such places humane slaughtering could take place. I cannot too strongly urge that such public Slaughter Houses must always be looked upon as temporary improvements and not permanent ideals. They should be considered as something gained on the pathway towards the abolition of a state of things which is nothing less than a standing rebuke to the civilization we claim for our age.

The advantages of the public over the private slaughter-house have been summed up by the *Lancet* in the following terms:—

"The evils of private slaughter-houses, whether from a sanitary or humanitarian point of view, are so obvious, and the advantages—or, more accurately, the convenience of retaining them—so doubtful

that the determined opposition presented by the trade to their closure is strongly suggestive of motives less pardonable than even an obstinate and unreasoning adherence to old habits and so-called vested rights to which the licensing authorities weakly defer. The difficulties placed in the way of the inspector are enormous, for diseased cattle are not sold in the open market, and the 'dressing' of their carcasses may be done in such places, at hours when the inspector cannot enter without a warrant.

"Some years ago a town councillor in the provinces, himself a butcher, opposing a motion for the establishment of a municipal slaughter-house, or abattoir, significantly observed that he 'would not like everybody to see all the stuff he killed.' But the question has been, we hope, re-opened by a recent correspondence in the *Standard*, in the course of which a gentleman who, while withholding his name from publication, declares his readiness to communicate it and his facts to any persons who may take up the matter in earnest, asserts that he had in a professional capacity been for several successive days an unwilling witness of the most horrible cruelty—that it was the regular practice to throw the sheep, the moment after they had been 'stuck,' on to their backs in a wedge-shaped trough, and as they lay helpless, but still quite alive and conscious, to set to work by first breaking their legs and then proceeding to flay them.

"We do not suggest that one master butcher in a hundred would defend such diabolical cruelty or that many of them are even aware of its existence; but since slaughtermen are not likely to be naturally endowed with or long to retain very tender feelings, the mere possibility of such deeds should be precluded. It is useless leaving the matter to local action, but surely a Parliament that can find time to hamper the work of the physiological, pathological, and bacteriological laboratories, and the fanatics who will be satisfied with nothing short of the prohibition of the simplest experimental inoculation, might show their sincerity by boldly attacking the abuses inseparable from the existing system. Probably, if truth were told, they fear the united action of the trade at the polls.

"Dr. Dembo, who was sent out by the Russian Government to report on the modes of slaughtering followed in different countries, pronounces unhesitatingly in favour of the Jewish 'shechita,' alike on grounds of humanity and of the wholesomeness and keeping power of the flesh. He considers the French pithing as objectionable, complete division of the medulla being anatomically impracticable, while our poleaxing is, according to him, the clumsiest and most brutal of all, it being only by a rare accident that the ox is stunned by the first blow, and often several minutes elapsing before the beast succumbs to repeated hammering.

"There is scarcely a large town in Germany, Italy, or France where public have not been substituted for private slaughter-houses. England alone holds back, for central aggregations of private establishments, though somewhat better than dens in holes and corners, are quite another thing. Publicity is essential not, indeed, exposure to the vulgar gaze, but in the sense that the animals shall be submitted to expert inspection while alive and their flesh exam-

ined after death; that every operation of slaughtering, dressing, removal of offal, &c., shall be performed under the eyes of officials; while for sanitary reasons the offensive processes in the subsequent preparation of hides, fat, guts, dung, &c, may be carried out on the spot and with all proper precautions."

A little book entitled * "Behind the scenes in Slaughter-houses" also gives some terrible revelations of the special horrors of the private slaughter-house. In it the writer says

"It is impossible to assert that we are anywhere near perfection when such places are still, in this year, 1892, allowed to exist in Islington and Clerkenwell as are described in the following rough notes recently jotted down at the time of inspection.

"No. 4.—A calf and lamb slaughter-house only. Men had just done killing about six calves, which were hanging in place where killed. Long, narrow, low-roofed place. Ventilation insufficient. Very dirty. Floor of old, defective cement. Lair is just one end of slaughter-house barricaded off with low partition of zinc-covered wood. Man said it was a pity to alter it to make it higher, in accordance with County Council's new by-laws, "as sheep could not see over top." Partition really about three feet high. A lot of old white-washed wood-work about, dirty like rest of place. A big, separate lair in an outhouse, wretchedly dark."

The comparison of private and public slaughter-houses may also be gathered from two extracts from the valuable paper by Dr. T. M. Legge in *Public Health* for 1894.†

It would seem that the horribly unsanitary condition of the private slaughter-houses in towns all over this country is not yet sufficiently well known to the general public, and the first step towards introducing a system of meat inspection is to abolish them and establish in their place public abattoirs. No one can without disgust inspect such dens as we have, where often the light can with difficulty penetrate, where, hemmed in by dwelling houses, thorough ventilation is well-nigh impossible, the floor often altogether unpaved, or so badly paved as to allow the ground to become sodden with blood and ordure, the walls of wood saturated with filth, the lairs insufficient for the accommodation of the animals, the soil riddled by rats, and the air infested with flies. All this, to say nothing of the unpleasantness to occupants of the surrounding houses, and of the sounds

* Messrs. Reeves & Co., price 2d.

† "Notes on some Continental Abattoirs," by F. M. Legge, M.D. Oxon., D.P.H. Cantab.



A private slaughter-house.

heard and smells carried from the slaughter-houses, make them perhaps the greatest of all nuisances in a large city. . . .

"The abattoir and cattle market of Berlin form quite one of the wonders of this city, in which the sanitary administration is admirable in so many respects. The two together cover an area of 29 acres. The extent of ground alone covered by the three great halls for the oxen, sheep, and pigs, respectively, exceeds 11 acres. They differ from those in Paris and Brussels by being closed in at the sides by brick or glass. The general structure of the three long rows of buildings used for slaughtering the oxen is as follows; A central hall or passage about 30 ft. wide, ventilated by louvred openings situated near the roof, has the slaughter-houses opening out from it on either side. The central hall is open from end to end, the floor is tiled, the walls cemented to a height of 7 ft., and the whole divided up by iron bars into a number of compartments. Each compartment corresponds to a slaughter-house, and receives the carcasses when they are prepared and ready to be hung up as meat. Between these buildings, separated by a cemented court, are the stables for keeping the animals. In some of the sheds, especially in those intended for housing the pigs, the ventilation seemed to me insufficient. On the other hand, the two large halls for slaughtering the pigs could hardly be improved on. The least satisfactory feature at the Berlin abattoir when I visited it was the condition of the *triperie* and gut-scraping rooms, in some of which the smell was atrocious. Gut-scraping is well-recognised to be a great stench provoker, but how completely can this be avoided by care and cleanliness is best seen in the similar rooms at the Munich abattoir, where the tables on which the process is carried out are of polished marble."

I must confess, however, that I contemplate with a sense of deep disquietude this building up of great central places for the mechanical doing to death of my sentient fellow creatures. It seems so cold and heartless and appears to stamp with public approbation an act which is essentially an outrage on the highest instincts of humanity.

I fear these Public Abattoirs rest on that important ground which has again and again proved itself a potent factor for delaying reforms. I mean the power of the purse. Once a corporation has invested its capital in a brewery, how will it ever dare to shut up the public

houses which are compelled to obtain their beer from such a brewery, even though the bodies and souls of men are being ruined by the habit of liquor drinking?

Once a Corporation has invested its capital in public abattoirs and they pay, who will ever venture to rise up and say that these things shall no longer be, for the blood of the innocents is crying out for vengeance? *

Who can get at the truth of the Opium question in India when revenues are being derived from its sale?

No, so long as the Slaughter-Houses are in the hands of individuals, the growing, rising voice of the community can be heard, and the approbation of slaughter house cruelties will never become part and parcel of public life. Such slaughter-houses can be put a stop to whenever the community is ready to do so, but the moment you insti-

* I have pointed out some of the serious evils which will be connected with the substitution of public abattoirs for private slaughter-houses. In doing so I do not wish to maintain that the present state of private slaughter is superior to the suggested abattoir system. I am of opinion that the reverse is the case, and that well-inspected, sanitary abattoirs in every town and village in the land would be far superior to the present system, which allows each man, to a great extent, to kill when, what, and how he pleases, free from actual inspection and control. I therefore should prefer public abattoirs properly conducted, to the present state of affairs. The advantages of public abattoirs however over some of the best existing private slaughter-houses, on the score of humanity, are not greatly evident. I feel no hesitation therefore in strongly drawing attention to the horrors of butchery, whether in private or public slaughter-houses, and in maintaining that though public abattoirs would be preferable to the run of existing private slaughter-houses, they must not be looked upon as anything more than stepping stones to the final abolition of the slaughter-house *in toto*. This future therefore should be carefully kept in mind in framing any legislative measures for replacing private by public slaughter-houses.

tute a public slaughter-house and make its perpetration and extension to go hand in hand with the pocket of the public, you create a great solid wall of opposition to any movement which shall have for the bettering of humanity the increase of gentleness and the termination of the outrage upon the higher instincts of the race.

I cannot too strongly remind all who are devoting their best gifts to laying a foundation for a better humanity of the future that we must never give our *imprimatur* to that which we believe will be judged wrong by the standard of the age which we would create. It is well and wise to accept half measures when we cannot get whole ones, but we must never substitute as being a thing approved by us something which is essentially bad—though less bad—for something else which the world has learnt to know to be bad,

We believe in the beauty of thought of that next generation of which we are the pioneers, and we believe that such a generation of merciful hearts and infinite yearnings, will recognise as an axiom of their creed that every life that lives has its object in the great universe, that every unit of life has its rights,

“That nothing walks with aimless feet,
That not one life shall be destroyed,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete.”

that the deliberate infliction of pain and the deliberate destruction of life is an outrage upon the rights

of creation, and that man as the king and law-giver of the universe will rise to recognise that the highest function of his dominion is to understand the kingly duty of ensuring the free and full enjoyment of their rights, to every subject of his. By example as by precept, by his actions as by his commands, the duty will be laid upon him, of doing nothing which will unnecessarily inflict pain upon, or shorten the lives of any of his subjects, excepting for objects which will be comparatively beneficial to the totality of his kingdom.

The more humane race of the future will agree with the humanitarian philosophers of the past, that in such a class of exceptions the slaughter houses, with their mechanical to doing death of thousands upon thousands of animals can have no place.

No thoughtful person claims that slaughter-houses for the purpose of providing dead carcasses for human consumption are *necessary*; if not necessary, then the future race which judges not by the cravings of the Appetite but by the standard of Justice will decide that in the clearer light of a better life they are wrong.

Let us then not do anything which may appear to stamp them with the seal of being essentially right; but let us rather in every way show that we recognise them as temporary evils fitting the barbarous age and the cruder morality of the past, but evils none the less which

must be gradually purged away as the golden age creeps on.

Amongst the methods of less brutal slaughter than those at present in use, claims have been advanced in favour of Bruneau's mask bolt, Sigmund's shooting mask, Guillotining, Electricity, and the Lethal Chamber.

Let me very shortly point out why each one absolutely fails to fulfil the requirements of humanity.

BRUNEAU'S MASK. Dr. Dembo has very ably criticised the defects of this invention, so that I cannot do better than quote a few extracts from his description. He says;—

"This slaughtering mask, or as it is also called 'poleaxe with a mask,' is made of leather or sometimes also of copper. When of leather, a metal disc with a round hole for the bolt is fixed in it. The mask is fixed on the head by means of straps in such a way that it covers the eyes of the animal, and the hole for the bolt lies exactly opposite the middle of the forehead. A bolt, with a button-shaped head, is now put in the hole, and driven into the brain by a stroke with a heavy wooden mallet. Then the bolt is removed, through the hole thus made in the skull a strong sound (sometimes a willow cane) is introduced into the brain for the purpose, as they say, of destroying the medulla. This operation lasts from thirty to forty seconds, sometimes even more. After that the bloodvessels of the neck are severed.

"On September 15th, 1893, in the abattoir of Leipzig, and in the presence of the veterinary surgeon, Mr. Theodor Schubert, and myself, three oxen were killed by means of Bruneau's mask. The first ox received seven blows on the bolt, the second five and the last three before they severally fell. After that the butcher thrust the Spanish cane into the brain, but as the head was lying somewhat at an angle with the trunk, he could not easily find the opening which unites the cavity of the skull with the spinal canal (the foramen magnum). The consequence of this delay was that from the first blow to the beginning of the bleeding not less than eight minutes passed. But the most interesting point in the matter was that when I opened the skulls and examined the brains of the first two oxen I discovered that, notwithstanding the painful poking about with the cane in the brain, the medulla oblongata was not injured at all.

"In the abattoir of Geneva, where I made my observations in the presence of the sanitary inspector and veterinary official, Mr. Georges Sulmey, and many other persons, I saw the following case: In the slaughter-room No. 24, belonging to the butcher, Alexander Deleamont, *twelve blows should be given* on the bolt before the skull of an ox was pierced. After the first blow the bolt flew out and was found to be in an unserviceable condition. The mask was replaced by another and four further blows were dealt on the bolt. Then the ox fell, but at the fifth blow he jumped up again, and seven more blows were required to bring him down. Thus altogether the animal was struck twelve times. The other animals received two to three blows each and only one of them fell immediately after the first blow. In another instance the bolt broke under the heavy blow of the mallet.

"At Berne four oxen were killed with Bruneau's mask in the presence of the distinguished professor of the Veterinary College of that town, Mr. Alfred Gillebeau and myself. One ox fell only after the fifth blow, another remained quietly standing when the iron bolt of the mask had already penetrated into his brain, and the people had great trouble to get him down, and then only could they begin to destroy the brain with the Spanish cane."

SIGMUND'S SHOOTING-MASK. This mask differs from that of Bruneau in that the metal disc in it is somewhat larger, and that after it has been fastened to the head the barrel of a loaded revolver is screwed on to it. This method has the advantage of not requiring any skilled hands and of dispensing with the necessity of introducing a cane into the wound for the purpose of destroying the medulla. Dr. Dembo who has seen it at work says of it:—

"Having spent a whole day in the slaughter-house at Bâle, I observed that more than half the animals were killed by ~~stunning~~ blows on the head, a method which the butchers there prefer to the use of the shooting-mask. At first I believed that the butchers would pay for the use of the mask and bullets; but they said, with a significant smile: 'That commodity we get for nothing sir; but we beg to be excused.' 'There is not sufficient bleeding with it,' or 'We cannot use the shooting mask, because as the blood remains in the meat and it soon goes wrong.'

"During the ~~or~~ day I spent in the slaughter-house of Bâle, where certainly the people are more familiar with and skilled in the use of the shooting-mask than anywhere else, I had the opportunity of seeing an ox that had been shot, rush forward with the mask before his eyes and run his head against the wall, so that the shooting had to be repeated. In another case an ox jumped up a few seconds after the shot and was struck down with a few blows from the mallet. But as all this had not been sufficient to make him unconscious and he again made an attempt to rise, a slaughterer at last

gave him a stab in the neck, and only after that could they begin the bleeding.

"Besides the drawbacks already mentioned, there is one further defect—viz., that the report of the guns makes a very disagreeable impression upon the people present, and tends to frighten the cattle. Finally, as some veterinary surgeons have justly remarked, the shooting and the handling of the bullets is not altogether devoid of danger for the people employed in slaughter-houses."

GUILLOTINING. This is never likely to be of any practical value. In addition to the difficulty of getting the head of the animal into position, there is the economic objection that both the hide would be seriously injured in value and the meat of the neck would fetch a smaller price.

ELECTRICITY. This in theory has always been a favourite method of painless execution. The picture has again and again been drawn of the animals being allowed to graze, up to the last moment, in their happy pastures, that the kindly herdsman whom they know and trust would come up to each selected animal and by touching ~~it on the head~~ with an electric current would pass it across the troubled stream of death in a sudden and painless moment of time.

There is however to my mind no signs of such a thing coming to pass. The use of currents of enormous power would be a very dangerous one to the user. The hair of the animal, since it is a very bad conductor, would have to be removed. The experiments in electrocution in America, when everything was done that skill and science could

do to make the poor criminals' death painless and sudden were by no means encouraging to the use of electricity as a method of killing animals in great numbers. Lastly the flesh of animals so killed is blood streaked and unsaleable, and this alone would prevent its general adoption.

THE LETHAL CHAMBER. At the present moment this is the method which is most in favour with the humane theorist. It would be unfair to suggest that no experimentations upon animals had been made to test the efficacy of the theory. It would be still more unfair to say that in many respects it has not answered expectations. In fact from the point of view of humanity it is the least barbarous of any method yet suggested. I see however no reason whatever to believe that it will be generally adopted for market purposes. It will probably be found of universal value for the putting to death of diseased and broken down animals whose life has become a burden to them, on the same lines as it is ~~used at the~~ Dogs' Home for destroying dogs and cats.

~~The~~ common instinct of all creatures—even of carnivores—is against the feeding on the bodies of animals that have died of suffocation, and if the human race will be guided by the widest instincts of self preservation it will refuse to eat the bodies of animals so put to death. If a lethal chamber be only used for stupefying and not for the killing, it is no longer "lethal." In this case the animal

will have to be killed afterwards by pole-axing or throat-cutting or both.

Since the blood will not run freely, immediately after asphyxiation, the bodies will be left some time before the throats are cut. By this means the old evil will creep in and the animal will be coming round to consciousness again before the killing proper commences. If the "lethal" chamber is going to take this form, it will be a worse state than the present, for it will afford a plausible appearance of painlessness while in reality pain will be perpetuated. The public now know something of the horrors of slaughtering, they must not be put to sleep upon the plea that "lethal" chambers will remove all suffering. If it be truly a lethal chamber, then "suffocated meat" will be placed on the market, and if it be not a truly "lethal" chamber, then the killing proper will be a second process and to ensure the flow of blood the return of sensibility in a large number of cases will be far from unlikely.

What I have stated in the preceding pages, ~~re-ve~~ bring condensedly and concretely to the minds of my readers by a few reliable figures. I feel quite sure that the reason people are so apathetic about this revolting butchery question is simply because they do not trouble to think what it means.

They see the animals feeding in the parks and the

meadows and they call them happy. They pass by the well stocked butcher's shop and see what they have learned to call "nice meat" hanging up for sale. All the intermediate scenes, all the intervening processes, are mysteries into which they do not care or wish to penetrate.

I have tried in the preceding pages to lift the veil and to show the *sort* of things which take place in this great valley of the unseen, let me now in a few words press home the *amount* of the evil.

Try to grasp the following figures, remember that each animal referred to in these enormous totals is a sentient fellow creature which knows the joys of living and the agonies of dying: which has senses by which pleasures can be appreciated and on which the sharp stylus of pain can inscribe its terrible record. Remember that each unit of all this awful total has to suffer its time of agony—in some cases a few minutes, in other cases many minutes, in not a few cases, hours, days and weeks of suffering—in order that butchery may be done and the human animal may feed on the dead body of his fellow non-human animal, and then try to picture the awful chorus of groans and cryings—voiceless but pitiful—which are going up day and night from the civilised (?) world and are calling out in despairing sadness, "How long? How long?" Well may we sometimes find it hard to answer the problem of the agnostic when he asks "Can these things be and yet

God be good?" Well may we shudder as we rise from their perusal and wonder that nineteenth century men can stand up as apologists for their perpetuation in the future, even though they were excusable in that barbarous past which considered that polygamy, slavery and war to the uttermost extinction were in harmony with humanity and the eternal fitness of things.

We must not *blame* the past, neither must we *perpetuate* the past, but must remember that it is the duty of each age to take one upward step. Let us not forget the warning truth of the poet Lowell, that

"New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth,
They must upward, onward ever,
Who would keep abreast of truth."

I find from Mr. Block's figures that in 1850, in Europe alone the following amount of meat was consumed—

Country	Weight in Tons	Value in millions of £.
United Kingdom	450,000 tons	28
France	605,000 "	22
Prussia	310,000 "	8
Bavaria	105,000 "	3
Saxony	25,000 "	1
Austria	740,000 "	19
Spain	220,000 "	10
Belgium	52,000 "	3
Holland	55,000 "	2
Norway & Sweden	130,000 "	2
Denmark	93,000 "	1

That the number of animals kept, of which nearly the

whole would be killed sooner or later, was as follows—

Year	Cattle	Sheep	Pigs	Value in millions of £.
1830	67,370,000	169,040,000	44,460,000	730
1850	80,120,000	183,950,000	38,430,000	1018
1870	89,820,000	209,370,000	43,950,000	1496
1887	101,855,000	197,740,000	48,350,000	1940

If we break up this array of figures so as to try to grasp the meaning of “a hundred million cattle,” “a hundred and ninety million sheep,” and nearly “fifty million pigs,” we find that in the united Kingdom the figures which are taken from official returns are as follows:—

Year	Cattle	Sheep	Pigs.
1867	8,730,000	32,820,000	4,320,000
1877	9,730,000	32,220,000	3,730,000
1888	10,270,000	28,940,000	3,820,000

If we take the year 1888, and again split up the “ten million cattle,” the “twenty-eight million sheep,” and the “three million pigs,” we find that England, Ireland, and Scotland stand as follows:—

	England	Ireland	Scotland.
Cattle	5,060,000	4,100,000	1,110,000
Sheep	18,580,000	3,630,000	6,730,000
Pigs	2,265,000	1,400,000	155,000

Now we have tried to picture something of the enor-

mous mass of millions upon millions of highly sensitive, highly organised animals living in our land. Let us calculate their death. The average allowed by Mulhall for obtaining his statistics is to consider that every year 20 per cent. of all horned cattle are put to death, 40 per cent. of all sheep, and 100 per cent. of all pigs. This being in accordance with the average length of life allowed to these respective animals by their royal master—Man.

The average carcase being calculated at 600 lbs beef; 70 lbs mutton; and 100 lbs pig.

In the single year therefore of 1888, we may calculate that in England alone over a million cattle were done to death, over seven million sheep offered their throats to the knife, and over two millions of pigs sent up their piercing cries as they found themselves in the presence of a violent death.

This means that for the purpose of providing a *luxury*—not a *necessary*—of life, not a day passes but that nearly two thousand eight hundred cattle, nearly twenty thousand sheep, and over five thousand pigs are put to death. Divide this still further, and we find that every hour, the whole day long and the whole night through, ~~there are~~ over a hundred cattle knocked down, over seven hundred sheep, and over two hundred pigs throat-cut. Still further we may drive the thought home and impress upon ourselves that every minute of the day, and every

minute of the night as well, two cattle fall, and fourteen sheep and four pigs gasp in violent death.

In *England alone* as I sit and write, this tremendous sacrifice is going on all day and all night, and for every single breath I draw in life an animal ceases to draw its breath in a painful and convulsive death—and all unnecessarily—to satisfy a fashion in diet.

This calculation of twenty violent deaths a minute day and night refers only to the higher and very sentient creatures and omits all thought of the thousands upon thousands of rabbits, hares, fowls, ducks, geese, turkeys, birds (game and otherwise) deer, etc. etc. which are doomed each day to die to swell “the food supply” of the nation.

The result of all these slaughtering is shown in the annexed table.

Period	Tons of meat consumed yearly.			lbs. per person.
	Home	Imported	Total	
1831-40	940,000		940,000	80
1841-50	980,000		980,000	80
1851-60	1,000,000	44,000	1,044,000	81
1861-70	1,052,000	131,000	1,183,000	87
1871-80	1,052,000	288,000	1,340,000	87
1881-87	1,030,000	540,000	1,570,000	98

If we turn from the United Kingdom to the Continent and take one or two countries, we find from the statistics, that in France, Germany, and Russia, the same terrible tale is being told.

In France :—

Period.	Cattle.	Sheep.	Pigs.	Goats.
1862	12,810,000	29,500,000	6,040	1,730
1873	11,720,000	25,900,000	5,700	1,790
1883	11,790,000	21,600,000	5,850	1,460
1888	13,380,000	22,600,000	5,850	1,550

The production of meat at various times, according to French writers, was—

Period.	Tons Meat.	Pounds per Person.
1840	671,000	43
1860	942,000	57
1880	1,155,000	67
1888	1,200,000	67

The above does not include horseflesh, of which some 2,000 tons are used in Paris alone.

In Germany in 1883, the livestock stood as follows :—

	Prussia.	Bavaria.	Saxony.	Wurtem- burg.	All Germany.
Cows	8,740,000	3,040,000	650,000	905,000	15,790,000
Sheep	14,750,000	1,180,000	150,000	550,000	19,190,000
Pigs...	5,820,000	1,040,000	350,000	290,000	9,210,000
Goats	1,680,000	220,000	120,000	50,000	2,540,000

The production of meat being (calculating 500 pounds per carcase of beef, 56 pounds per sheep, 100 pounds per pig, and 28 pounds per goat) :

Year.	Meat, Tons.	Pounds per Person.
1828	700,000	60
1850	890,000	60
1867	1,150,000	67
1885	1,375,000	64

In Russia:—

	1859.	1870.	1889.
Cattle	20,960,000	21,400,000	23,840,000
Sheep	37,530,000	45,300,000	47,510,000
Pigs	8,890,000	9,100,000	9,200,000
Goats	1,600,000	1,200,000	1,370,000

The production of meat (at 500 pounds per beef carcase, 50 pounds per sheep, and 100 pounds per pig) was as follows:

Year.	Tons Meat.	Pounds per Person.
1850	1,670,000	67
1870	1,760,000	60
1889	1,885,000	51

If every animal in the above host was killed at its own home the recital would have been a ghastly one, but how much more is it intensified when we remember the driving by road and the journey by rail and the awful lives and deaths of the middle passage in a cattle ship.

Are many animals exposed to the horrors of the cattle ships? Listen.

The exportation of live stock from Ireland to Great Britain was as follows:

	1877.	1887.
Cattle	649,000	669,000
Sheep	630,000	548,000
Pigs	585,000	480,000

while from the United States live cattle were imported in 1889 to the value of £10,400,000 and to the weight of 300,000 tons!

In the single year of 1888, there were slaughtered in the United States 2,040,000 cattle, 11,800,000 sheep, and 2,600,000 pigs!

Let every reader take the trouble to follow a single animal from its pasture to the market, from the market to the place of waiting, or the train, and thence to the slaughter house, and the doom, and make a calculation of the amount of pain and suffering endured by that single animal, and then multiply that volume of pain by the official figures I have quoted, and then solemnly and seriously ask himself or herself what he or she is going to do to reduce the horror of it and to take away the curse of it from the land.



CORRESPONDENCE IN THE PUBLIC PRESS.

—OOO—

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

"SIR,—I hope you will make allowances for the ~~own~~ of a 'little one.' I am exceedingly interested in the abattoir project and Sir Benjamin Richardson's humane work. The butchers', and especially Mr. Roumieu's letters in *The Times*, deserve consideration.

"But may I suggest that, however the abattoir question ends, in better public slaughter-houses or continued private ones, the case is not bettered for the beasts which perish nor for several other parties in the case? What is so inhumane, so probably injurious to the meat if mental agony can ever affect the physique, and so needless in the present day, which possesses conveniences unknown to our ancestors, is the long journey alive for creatures that have never before seen anything but grass or felt any emotion distinct from peace and security. They go the weary miles on foot, or in trains, in every sort of horror, shouting for help all the way to deaf ears; they die by the way, or they more unhappily live, kicked up on their feet again, exactly like the prisoners in the antique world.

"A smile may occur at the notion of mental agony in a dumb creature, but put the mind as low as you like, something is there, as every one knows who has studied animals, which makes their emotions like our own. They are our fellow-creatures at least as much as the over-rated noble savage, and are much better servants; and it is not improper to put ourselves in some degree in their place whilst considering this subject, which involves the decencies of life. The scenes which occur at every railway station, to say nothing of the docks, the crates and pens of beasts and poultry, with strained, unnatural faces and gestures (excuse my saying faces instead of some more contemptuous word, but they have a physiognomy), half delirious with discomfort, terror, starvation, and broken limbs—these scenes do more to help the cause of Vegetarianism than is generally supposed. The humane man shudders, the artistic sense revolts, the health officer frowns. I have seen a sheep fall in the crowded thoroughfares of the City, its protruded tongue powerless in the acid mud, and close under a street pump from which no water was obtainable. I saw it kicked up and stumble onward on three legs to save accidents with the hansom. Is that good for mutton? I know there is not quite so much cruelty from drovers now on the country roads; there are inspectors planted. Still, a few years ago when I lived in the Regent's Park-road, along which droves daily moved, I never saw a bullock with a whole tail, only half, and that tail had not been cut, but was bleeding and tapering at various lengths. The drovers cannot be blamed; they must get the exhausted beasts along, and both they and the inspectors must be paid in corresponding ~~ratio~~ to their ability and respectability.

"Will the County Council,—remembering that we have outgrown child massacre, execution of prisoners of war, and the best-intentioned torture even of criminals and religious misbelievers, and that needless pain (at least when visible) contradicts the whole bent of modern instincts,—considering why each village should not have, instead of the local butcher's private slaughter-yard, its own small public abattoir with handy guillotine and drainage, secluded, supervised, and deodorised, and why, with the help of the light single railway line lately recommended in *The Times* (and certain to come into use), each grazing village should not send up its dead meat, and even more profitable offal, in covered vans.

"There are, no doubt, a hundred objections, but not one that is not outweighed by those of the primitive system lingering with us, even, I suspect, on the economic side.

"For, when the present expenses and necessary waste are considered, I suspect a village abattoir, or one central for a group of villages, would have the advantage of being supported by the village, which would ease by distribution of costs the pockets of city ratepayers.

"I call myself a 'little one,' and I am that horrid thing, an outsider with an idea; but more experienced people may not disdain to think out a project more fitted for the 20th century than our present obscure and detestable mode. Give us a distributed abattoir system. Such a system might reconcile the opposing views of the humanitarian, the sanitarian, the lover of order and the graces of life, and of the much-maligned but necessary purveyor, or 'butcher.'—I am, sir, yours,
M. E. HAWES.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

SIR,—In your issue of December 25th, an article appeared under the above heading, "from a correspondent," which dealt with the abattoir question in such a one-sided manner as to plainly show those who know anything of the subject that it was the handiwork, not of an impartial critic, but of a bigoted partisan.

Your correspondent seeks sympathy for the abattoir by vague references to the terrible inhumanities alleged to be practised in private slaughterhouses. He declares that "recent correspondence" has shown "some" slaughtermen to be "inhuman ~~scoundrels~~;" talks of the cases in which animals are "flayed alive," and of the "other brutalities which happen more often than we, as meat-eaters, have the courage to believe;" and declares that "novices, too often to their own satisfaction, inflict slow death at the expense of altogether unnecessary animal suffering." These, Sir, are very serious charges, levelled at a body of men only to be numbered by thousands, who are daily following a necessary occupation—men, too, who work under the eyes of thousands of public sanitary inspectors and medical officers; and if there is anything approaching sufficient truth in them to justify their being applied to a whole calling, then the evidence in support of them, considering

the circumstances I have mentioned, ought to be very considerable indeed. In London alone there are 500 slaughterhouses, at least as many slaughtermen, and no fewer than 200 sanitary inspectors and officers, who have and use the power to enter slaughterhouses at any moment they please, so that proof of your correspondent's charges, if there be any—which I doubt—should be easy.

I not only doubt his assertions—I challenge him to produce such proofs concerning inhuman bunglers, the flaying alive of animals the “other brutalities,” and of the novices who take a delight in inflicting unnecessary suffering, as will show that he was justified in applying such a stigma to the butcher's trade. He has up to the present endeavoured only to arouse antipathy to our calling by indefinite statements. Let him now come to the front with charges so formulated as to be capable either of proof or disproof, and not adopt the tactics of the author of “Behind the Scenes in Slaughterhouses” (with whom he may be identical), who wrote a pamphlet of assertions without mentioning a single name, date, or place in connexion with his charges.

In connexion with this portion of the subject, I may add that, to bungle over the killing of an animal, or to inflict unnecessary pain in killing, deteriorates the quality of the meat, so that as a question of finance, the brutal butcher, who of course is interested to any higher feeling, has an interest in the humane and speedy despatch of animals.

Your correspondent states that the London Abattoir Society has pressed slaughterhouse reform on the metropolitan authorities for 12 years. Does it not strike one as strange that such a powerful organization, which was actually able, when working in conjunction with the Church Society for the Promotion of Kindness to Animals, to get an audience of five together a few months ago to pass resolutions against private slaughterhouses—a society, too, which has at its command the pen of a gentleman so ready with his assertions and so reticent with his proofs—has not been able to arouse more popular feeling on the subject? Even the great meeting of five referred to—which meeting was announced in several London dailies—does not convince a sceptic like myself that London has come to the conclusion that it is aiding and abetting cruelty in every malignant form, and being injured by bad meat, under the present system, and that extermination must be the punishment for the sins of the private slaughterhouse.

There are indications in your correspondent's letter, too, that he is quite 12 years behind the times. He speaks of 700 slaughterhouses in London. There are not more than three-fourths of that number. He talks of them as “ill-contrived,” and is either unaware, or not candid enough to tell his readers, that the County Council five years ago drew up a most stringent set of bye-laws regulating space, light, material of flooring, utensils, etc., and that the slightest infringement of these bye-laws cancels a licence. And he speaks of animals being slaughtered in sight of one another—a thing impossible in a slaughterhouse properly passed by a County Council inspector.

Not the least absurd part of your correspondent's letter is that in which he implies that one abattoir could serve London. We should want a dozen, and even then the fact that we should have to drive cattle there, pay killing fees, cart the dead meat away, have to pay rent and rates on useless portions of premises, and lose the chance of the ready sale of the offal will cause such expense and loss that the price of meat will be raised considerably. Yet he talks of abattoirs as a convenience to butchers and consumers.

In conclusion let me say that London is not in an "obsolete position," but is acting with regard to slaughterhouses as 49 out of every 50 of the towns of this kingdom act; that, although abattoirs are established in some towns, private slaughterhouses have not been abolished in them, and the latter are generally used much more than the former; that a man occasionally slaughtering is not likely to become inhumane as one continually at such work; that if the fumes from meat are noxious and dangerous at all, they will be especially so when the killing of beasts for all London is concentrated in one area, as your correspondent desires; and that we at present use the methods approved by the best authorities, and are prepared to use others if better be found. We are quite ready to learn, but have been forced to the conclusion that we are not likely to be instructed in the matter of fair argument by the special members of the London Abattoir Society.—Yours truly,

A LONDON BUTCHER.

December 31st, 1894.

To the Editor of THE TIMES.

Sir,—In the event of the adoption of abattoirs in our large cities and towns, doubtless capable persons will visit Geneva and other Continental centres where these public buildings are so well managed. But everything earthly has a flaw, not excepting the Geneva abattoirs. During a week's visit to that city (so full of historic, of religious, of romantic association), last autumn, we went, of course, to see the junction of the Rhone with the Arve, and from the wooded height, which affords the best view, I noticed a separate dark stream flowing alongside the Arve for fully a quarter of a mile towards the junction, and noticed also that it fell into the Rhone simultaneously with the Arve. On descending to the main road again I at once went to examine what I thought was a geological delight, but found instead that this dark stream was the blood from the slaughtered animals rushing from the abattoirs, which are built just opposite this favourite and lovely spot. The offensive sight was repulsive enough to deprive many of our party of their usual appetite for dinner, and inclined a few of them to meditate on Vegetarianism.

Yours, etc.,

December 29.

A. F.

LOCAL ABATTOIRS.

With reference to the correspondence which has appeared in our columns, says *The Times*, concerning an abattoir for London, a

British farmer calls our attention to the "ruinous system" at present adopted by cattle feeders in the disposal of their fat stock to the London trade. The beef animals are gently walked to the station for shipment to London. What happens in the course of this journey was well described by the late Professor Gamgee as follows:—"A well-fed bullock, nursed in his stall, protected even from the fierce sunlight, and as jealously guarded in his slumbers as an infant, is the worst possible specimen of a travelling quadruped. From the moment he is driven to the station his angularity is discovered; he packs badly, fright induces thirst not often quenched, and a diarrhoea not checked by the hustling and bustling, the hooting and bawling which are in so striking a contrast to the tender care bestowed on the beast whilst laying on the flesh which is so readily damaged on the road to market. Every hour and every day from the time fat animals are kept in a railway truck, steamboat, or public market, may be regarded as an hour or day of pain, torment, and waste."

It has been estimated that the loss by shrinkage of the animal during transport to the London market is between £1 and £2 per beast, whilst further loss arises from the depreciated quality of the meat. For selling the cattle salesman are employed who charge a commission of 5s. per beast, and this our correspondent regards as "a most pernicious custom," the loss from which to the beef producer he puts at a vast sum per annum. But this is not all. There is a portion of the beast commonly spoken of as "the fifth quarter," or offal. In buying a beast it is usual for the butcher to simply pay the price which he calculates the two sides of beef to be worth after slaughter, the "fifth quarter" or offal being thrown in, though its wholesale value is from £2 10s. to £3, according to the size of the animal. The custom of "sinking the offal" is very old, and originated in the days when this part of the beast possessed comparatively little value, and was therefore given in to cover the cost of slaughtering. But under our modern methods of utilizing by-products this refuse portion has acquired the value already stated. Calculations have been published demonstrating the enormous difference between the price paid to the farmer and the wholesale value of the meat to the butcher. The farmers' losses, which are a great profit to butcher and railway companies, are thus seen to include—(1) loss in weight through railway shipment, put at £1 to £2 per beast; (2) loss of 5s. per head for commission to salesman and market dues; (3) loss of offal, estimated at £2 10s. to £3 per beast; (4) indirect loss through disease arising from the present system of marketing cattle.

It is contended that the establishment of abattoirs in the chief meat-producing districts of the country—as distinguished from a great central abattoir in London—would bring about a most desirable improvement in the condition of the grazing industry. Such abattoirs should be constructed and equipped with every appliance necessary to the economical slaughtering of animals and the preparation of the meat for market. Departments would be provided for every branch of the industry, the blood saved for manure purposes, the fat boiled, the bones digested, the tripe dressed, and so

on. It is calculated that the economies thus affected would include—(1) the saving of £1 to £2 per head which is lost in weight through transport by rail; (2) the saving in the cost of carriage by reason of the dead weight being at least one-third less than the live weight, and by reason of the less space required for carcasses than for live animals; (3) the saving due to the higher price commanded by home-killed beef on account of its better condition; (4) the saving due to the higher price commanded by home-killed beef on account of its better condition; (4) the saving of the large commissions to dealers or salesmen; (5) the saving of the “fifth quarter” or offal—by reason of the beast being killed at the home abattoir by the grazier.

To the Editor of THE STANDARD.

“SIR.—Since my letter appeared on the above subject in *The Standard* on the 12th, I have received an enormous number of communications, all so kind, so touching, earnest, and imploring that I am desirous the correspondence should have some progressive and practical termination. I have resolved, therefore, to get printed, in pamphlet form, the letters appearing in *The Standard*, together with a few extracts from the private letters received, relative to the question of these hideous cruelties; those wishing to be provided with these leaflets to send some small donation to go to a fund I already have for the circulation of humane literature.

“I would suggest that these leaflets, when despatched, should be kept on the writing-table, and enclosed in every letter written. Thus I hope to keep up the indignation that unquestionably exists at the gross cruelties going on in our slaughtering dens. Perhaps a few would afterwards consent to form a Deputation to the Committee of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and pray them to bring the subject before the Home Secretary. Friends of the speechless cannot, however, do better than, by the aid of money, strengthen the hands of that truly noble Society. But inspection, no matter how well it may be managed, cannot as effectively reduce cruelty as the curtailment of flesh eating. I am not a vegetarian, simply a food reformer, and that on humane and hygienic grounds.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM LISLE B. COULSON.

Newbrough, Fourstones-on-Tyne, September 1

To the Editor of THE STANDARD.

“Sir—There are three common modes of slaughtering animals, and the less usual methods are generally modifications of one of the chief ones. Animals are killed by either (1) cutting their throat and allowing them to bleed to death; (2) destroying sensibility by stunning with a mallet, or pole-axe, or mask-bolt, and then damaging the brain, so as to cause death; (3) stabbing the animal in the neck by driving a dagger into the space between the base of the skull

and the first cervical vertebra, and so injuring the upper part of the spinal column, or possibly the lower part of the medulla (depending on the direction of the stroke), and thus causing immediate paralysis, to be followed by throat-cutting or hammering to hasten death.

"In none of these cases can it be said, as your 'Butcher' Correspondent states, that death is 'instantaneous,' but, none the less, it is probable that he is quite right in fixing two minutes as a period quite long enough for an animal to lose all consciousness if, when the first method of throat-cutting is adopted. For this, however, it is necessary to have both a careful and a skilled man, while in a very large number of cases the want of skill of the slaughterman is shown by conscious movements (not the reflex epileptoid movements), which demonstrates that acute pain is still felt when the incisions are made for stripping off the skin.

"When, as in the case of cattle, the second method is adopted, the total sum of agony which is inflicted in the public and private slaughter-houses of the land is too terrible to contemplate calmly. I have seen a fine young sensitive cow dragged up by the windlass to the ring, and then, as the slaughterman brought down the pointed pole-axe with all his force, he missed the spot, and the weapon struck into the eye, and burst it, and tore its way into places where the presence of many sensory nerves would cause the most atrocious agony. With bellowings of anguish, the poor creature dashed her head madly again and again against the wall, and it was some time (which seemed like centuries) before a blow was brought home and she stiffened out and fell. Dr. Dembo, of St. Petersburg, who has made a special study of this, and has seen thousands of deaths, says: — 'That the ox feels every succeeding blow is proved by its conscious movements by the bellowing and groaning to which it sometimes gives vent, and by its turning round from one side to the other. The butchers know that very well, and continue to strike the animal until the movements cease. . . . One must see the deep holes made in the skull with the hammer to form a right conception of the agony the animal has to suffer.'

"The third method of slaughter, which is now in vogue in St. Petersburg, Naples, Venice, Mayence, and a few other places, probably entails still more suffering, for, though the animal at once falls in a heap, it is through muscle paralysis, and not through loss of consciousness, while the injury to the posterior sensory nerve roots of the spinal cord would necessarily cause the acutest agony. In butcher language, an animal is said to be 'killed' when it is down in such a way that it will die of itself without causing the butcher any further trouble. This, however, is not the language of humanity, and because I see no way of ensuring market deaths without the enduring of bitterest sufferings by thousands and thousands of sentient creatures, I for one will prefer to be so far free of the guilt by abstaining wholly from the flesh of animals for food. — I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

JOSIAH OLDFIELD, M.A., B.L., Oxon.

St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C., September 1.

To the Editor of THE STANDARD.

"Sir,—In reference to the letters which have recently appeared in *The Standard* bearing upon the question of gross cruelties and barbarities practised in the slaughter of animals, I would suggest that a movement be begun with a view to have it made compulsory for every one who shall slaughter animals (except in certain cases to be provided for) to be registered and licensed. I hope you will give your valuable aid in assisting to put an end to such barbarities as mentioned by some of your Correspondents.—I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Parbold, September 1.

H. SINGLETON THRELFALL.

To the Editor of THE STANDARD.

"Sir,—Having read the letter of "Wicked Butcher" in *The Standard* of to-day, I ask to be permitted to add my own experience in the subject under discussion.

In the course of professional duties some years ago I had to attend for several whole days at one of the large slaughterhouses in the north of London, and the horrible cruelty I was compelled to witness day after day, in the treatment of the wretched animals herded there for slaughter, perfectly sickened me. Your correspondent "Wicked Butcher," jeers at the idea of animals being flayed alive, alleging that they cannot be kept still enough! Allow me, in reply, to narrate what I witnessed in the treatment of sheep. Almost immediately after being struck they were flung, on their backs, into a wedge shaped trough, which seemed to hold them as in a vice, and in a state of perfect helplessness; the slaughterman then slashed across the knee joints with his knife, broke the legs, and at once proceeded to rip off the skin.

That the animals were very much alive and keenly sensible was only too painfully manifest; indeed, time had not been allowed for them to die after being struck. This was no isolated case; it appeared to be the common practice. The slaughtermen, throughout the whole of their work, seemed absolutely indifferent to all feeling, their one object, apparently, being to get through their allotted task as expeditiously as possible.

I enclose my card, but not for publication. I am willing, however, to communicate privately with any proper authority if practical advantage would result towards checking the horrible cruelty which my unwilling observations convinced me is practised in slaughtering animals."

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

NOT A BUTCHER.

August 29th.

THE HORRORS OF THE SLAUGHTER-HOUSE.

To the Editor of THE VEGETARIAN.

SIR,—Can you find room to publish the following account! The other day, while out walking, I was caught in a storm and hurried

to the nearest shelter, which was a low arched passage, closed at the end by a door, in which was set a small latticed opening. Curious to know where it led to, I looked through, and saw in a moment that the place beyond was one of the slaughterhouses belonging to the cattle market. You may blame me for looking at what I am going to tell you of, but my amazement and horror at the cruelty I saw kept me rooted to the spot.

Three brawny, blood-besmeared butchers were chasing round and round after one of the market oxen, cursing, laughing, and whooping like very fiends; while the half-demented animal galloped wildly about, trying to evade the noose they were attempting to throw over its horns, *a la* "Buffalo Bill." Knowing something of the trade, I saw the folly—putting aside the cruelty, of this behaviour. Supposing the ox to be dead meat within ten minutes, what sort of stuff would that quivering, sodden, bruised flesh make to nourish human stomachs with? Every good butcher keeps a beast well fed and housed till it has recovered its equanimity and got rid of the bruises and sores given it in the market. Now, this poor creature had been jammed in a pen under the broiling sun all day, panting with thirst, weary and footsore, frightened and beaten. I saw more than one puncture in its hide from a goad, and on a wound on the shoulder a few flies still clustered.

Instead of quietly ending the poor thing's trouble, these ignorant brutes chevy it about, till it is nearly mad with fear. At last it was caught, and dragged, amidst swearing, shouting, and hauling, half-strangled to the killing post. To induce it to go a little faster, one human (?) kicked it on the heel with his iron-shod shoe. The result was a long strip of skin dangling over the bullock's hoof, and, I am sure, a bruised bone. Then, to see if their victim was securely fastened, another human (?) gave it a tremendous blow on the back with the flat of the pole-axe. Paralyzed for the moment, the miserable creature lost his footing and fell on one side; but, so firmly was he tied, that his head and fore-feet hung in the air, while his hind-quarters dragged on the ground.

Now he was half-strangled and utterly helpless. Poor creature, they kicked him furiously, one catching him a blow in the mouth; but he could not have risen if he had struggled till doomsday, with that strangling rope fastened so tightly. Then one man twisted his tail till it broke, and rubbed the broken parts together. The tortured beast moaned aloud, but did not rise. Then they ran a skewer into his flank. What further torment was in store I know not; for, seeing at last that he was choking, they loosed the rope, and the unhappy bullock floundered to his feet. After imbibing from a pot which stood handy, the slaughterman came up with an axe, swung it, and brought it down on the side of the head. The bullock sunk on his knees with a bellow, the blood gushing from his nostrils, and trickling over his eyes from the wound. Cursing, they hauled him up, to be knocked down again; but the stunned and tormented beast anticipated the blow this time, and fell again from sheer exhaustion. Not being able to raise him, they again had to recourse to tail-twisting. Even this failing, they jumped on him, wounding him

with their spiked boots and bruising him in a manner sickening to see. Finally, they squeezed his nostrils close, and, opening his mouth, poured a pailful of mingled blood and water down his throat. Gasping and choking, the bullock, by a sheer instinct of life, plunged to his feet, and flung his head upward with a snort. Then another man took the axe, and dealt a savage blow at the poor thing's head. Luckily this time in a vital part, and for the fourth and last time the murdered animal fell, kicking and quivering in the miry filth of the floor. The throat-cutting part of the business I will not describe.

Now that bullock's murder—I cannot say slaughtering, for no decent butcher would have tolerated such behaviour for a moment—took exactly twenty minutes. Twenty minutes of agony, fright, and exhaustion. Terrified to death, half-choked by the rope, his back nearly broken, his leg cut and bruised, his jaw nearly—if not quite—smashed, his body bruised all over, possibly a rib broken, a skewer run into his flank, pole-axed and stunned, jumped upon by spiked boots, strangled by dirty water, and pole-axed a second time, after which his heart was literally torn from his body, smoking hot, and dripping with gore—surely twenty minutes of credit to civilisation and humanity!

Poor, inoffensive, harmless bullock, bred to be killed; quietly browsing in a meadow one day, driven lame and parched along a dusty road through the terrifying streets the next, pricked by goads, bitten by dogs, turned from every point of shelter by shouting men and boys, not even allowed to plunge his blackened tongue in a trough in passing; hungry and tired, packed like a sandwich in the noisy market, his weary feet in the rank filth, his nostrils and eyes covered by scores of little winged torments; struck and goaded even then, for sheer cruelty's sake; and, after enduring all this, done to death in a way sickening even to think about. If all market animals are killed so, what wonder is it that we get so much bad meat, and the evils resulting therefrom? That bullock's carcass would be sold as quickly as possible (if not, it would soon become a putrefied mass) and eaten—eaten with all the festering corruption which it had engendered through the vile treatment of drovers and killers.

Surely this is enough to make one eschew meat for ever; for how are we to know whether the animal from which our savoury joint has been procured has been brutally murdered, like the miserable brute whose fate I witnessed, or properly killed by a competent hand? Surely that bullock's blood cries for vengeance, and surely it shall be avenged!

M.R.C.T.

North End, Croydon, July 15th, 1888.

Count Tolstoi in the *New Review* has written:—

“Just as we drove into a village on our way we noticed a fat rosy pig which was being dragged out of the yard of a corner-house to be slaughtered. The brute uttered yells of despair in a voice akin to that of a human being. Just as we were driving by, they began to slaughter the animal. One of the men slit her neck with

the knife, on which she squealed all the louder and more piercingly. Suddenly she tore herself away and escaped, bleeding at every step and most profusely. Being near-sighted myself, I did not witness all this in detail; I only saw the body of the pig, rosy-coloured like the body of a human being, and heard her shrill cries of despair. But the drayman saw everything that was taking place and watched it intently, without once taking away his eyes. The men caught the pig at last, held her down and completed their work.

As soon as her groans had ceased, the dray-driver heaved a profound sigh and exclaimed: "Is it possible that they won't have to answer for this some day?" So deeply rooted is the feeling of horror which every murder excites. By the force of example, by playing upon men's greed, by repeating that God has sanctioned these things, and, more than everything else, by force of habit and custom, this deeply rooted feeling has been blunted and even wholly paralysed.

On the Friday before Witsun Day I visited the slaughterhouse at Toola. The butchers were in the very heat of their work as I entered. The entire yard, which was covered with dust, was occupied with cattle, and cattle filled all the space near the 'kamoras,' or slaughter-chambers. At the gates in the street stood a row of carts, to the shafts of which oxen, calves, and kine were tied up. Waggon drawn by prime horses, full of live calves that had been flung in anywhere and anyhow, their heads hanging down and dangling from side to side, drove up and unloaded. Heavily-laden waggons of the same type, with the feet of slaughtered oxen projecting here and there, their bodiless heads and bright red lungs and brown livers packed in anywhere, were driving away from the slaughter-house. By the fence stood the mounts of the cattle-drovers. The latter, attired in their long black coats and armed with whips and knouts, strolled about the yard, marking with tar all the cattle belonging to the same owner, or superintending the transport of oxen and bulls from the yard to the pens from which they were to be led into the 'kamora.' These people were all evidently engrossed by monetary matters and business calculations, and the question whether it was right or wrong to slaughter the brutes concerned them as little as the investigation of the chemical composition of the blood that covered the floor of the slaughter-chambers.

"None of the butchers were to be seen in the yard. They were all within, hard at work. On this particular day about one hundred oxen were slaughtered. I entered a 'kamora' and stood at the door. Here I halted, because there was no room for me inside, owing to the number of carcasses that were being removed, and also because blood was flowing below and blood was dripping from above, all the butchers there being bespattered all over with it, so that had I gone inside I too should have been stained with it. One carcass that was hanging was being taken down; another was being removed from the room; a third—slaughtered ox—lay with its white feet upmost, while the butcher, a burly fellow with strong fists, was tearing off the skin.

"While I was standing here, surveying the scene, a large sleek

ox was brought in through the door at the opposite side of the 'kamora.' Two men were dragging him in. They had scarcely got him well within the door when I observed one of the butchers brandishing a pole-axe above his neck and striking a blow. As if his four legs had been suddenly mown from under him, the ox fell heavily on his belly to the floor, turned over the next instant on his side, and began to move his legs and his back convulsively. Then a butcher threw himself on the forepart of the ox, on the side opposite to his legs, seized him by the horns and forced his head down to the ground, while another cut his throat; and from out of the gaping wound the black-red blood came spurting up in fountains, and was caught in a metal basin by a blood-bespattered boy. During all the time that these things were being done the ox never once ceased to turn and jerk his head as if striving to get upon his legs again, and kept convulsively tossing all his four feet in the air. Meanwhile the basin was rapidly filling; but the ox was still alive and continued to kick the air with its fore feet, so that the butchers were careful to give him a wide berth. As soon as the metal basin was quite full the boy put it on his head and carried it off to the albumen works hard by, while another boy brought another basin, which began to fill in turn. But still the ox continued to heave his belly and to beat the air with its feet. As soon as the blood ceased to flow the butcher raised the ox's head and commenced to tear off its skin. And the ox never ceased to strike out its feet. The head was soon skinned and became red chequered by the white stripes of veins, assuming any position which the butcher chose to give it. Very soon the skin was hanging down from both sides of the body. And all the time the ox never ceased to strike out with its legs. Then another butcher seized the animal by one of its legs, broke the leg and cut it off. And the belly and the remaining three legs continued to quiver convulsively. Then the other legs were cut off in like manner and thrown in among the heap in which the legs of all the cattle belonging to all the same owner were piled up. Then they dragged the carcass aside, stretched it on a frame and hung it up. After this it gave no further signs of life.

"In the same way I looked through the door, at the second, third, and fourth oxen. The same process was gone through with each and all of them, and in all cases I noticed the skinless head with the bitten tongue and the vibrating hinder part. There was occasionally a difference, which consisted in the circumstance that the butcher did not always succeed in striking the proper place with his axe, so that the animal did not fall helpless to the ground. It happened, too, that he missed his aim, whereupon the ox flung itself hither and thither, bellowed piteously, and, bathed in blood, tried to tear itself away. Then it was again dragged back to its place and struck a second time, when it fell, and was dealt with exactly like the others.

"I then went round to the opposite door through which the animals were being led in. There the same sight met my eyes, only that I saw it more closely, and, consequently, more distinctly. But besides all that I had already seen, I observed something which I had not witnessed through the first door, *sc.*, the way in

APPENDIX

THE illustrations in this Book (reproduced by kind permission of Mr Ernest Ball) have been done by Mr. R. E. Holding, a well known Veterinary and Surgical Draughtsman, during many visits to public abattoirs in Manchester, Liverpool, Aberdeen, and Edinburgh, Deptford and Islington, and about sixteen private slaughter-houses in various parts of London, in which every facility has been granted by the Veterinary Inspector, and in explanation of them he appends the following notes and comments :—

“Several times during these visits,” says Mr. Holding, “have I seen the slaughtermen remonstrated with by the veterinary inspectors for needless cruelty, but the inspector cannot be everywhere, he has very frequently other duties, such as inspection of imported dead meat, visiting cattle markets and railway stations, when animals are reputed to have come from an infected district, inspection and examination, and reporting on meat condemned by the ordinary Nuisance Inspector, which may include fish, fowl, sausages, etc., so that the actual time devoted to the correction of needless cruelty or brutality is necessarily small.

“A thing which impressed me much was the total ignorance of the merest elements of comparative anatomy displayed by the average slaughtermen; hence much unintentional cruelty.

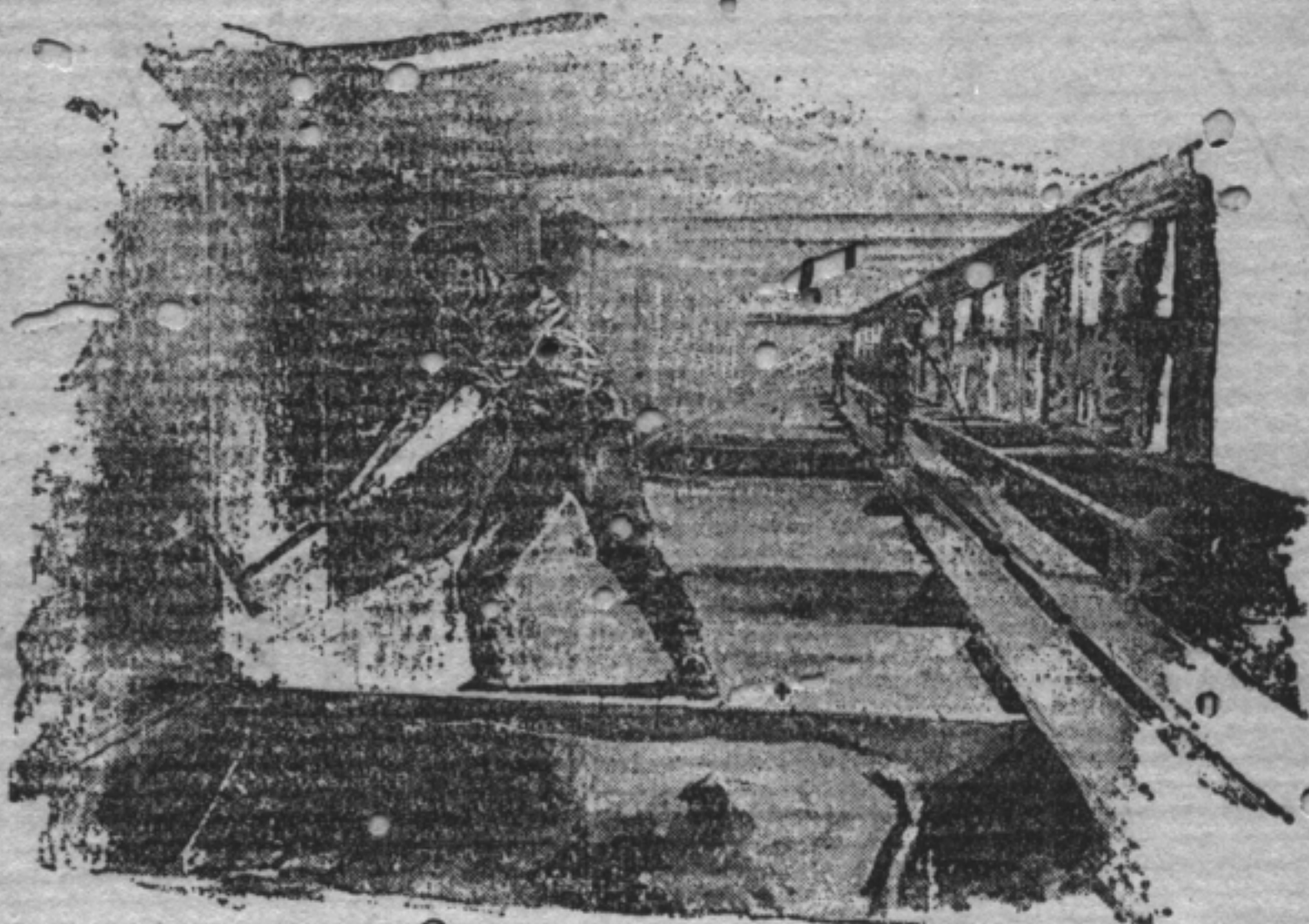
“In spite of considerable advantages in inspection and

sanitation I am compelled to protest strongly against the ordinary Jewish method of slaughtering cattle. The method of throwing down seems needlessly cruel. An attempt to obviate this by the 'Harris' apparatus did not find much favour, being too cumbersome. In the sketch on page 51 is seen the first steps towards throwing the animal down. A chain noose is fastened round the near fore and hind leg, which is passed through a ring in the wall. At a sign the assistants pull suddenly, and the animal, having its legs thus withdrawn, falls with great force on the ground. This causes considerable alarm, and hence violent struggling and attempts at rising. The head is then turned forehead downwards, as shown in the illustration, page 52, and the slaughterman, with a single stroke, completely severs the blood-vessels, windpipe, and œsophagus. More violent struggling takes place; sometimes even the animal will attempt to rise, the blood is splashed about, and frantic attempts are made by the animal to breathe. After the lapse of about two minutes and a half, owing to exhaustion consequent on loss of blood, the animal is quiet, but consciousness and sensitiveness to pain have not by any means ceased; for if the eyeball is touched it will be seen that the animal responds and attempts to close its eye. This sensitiveness of the cornea of the eye often lasts up to over three and three-quarter minutes, as tested by four experiments. In the operating theatre of our hospitals no operation is commenced *until the eye of the patient ceases to respond to the touch*, and the anaesthetist is continually watching any return to sensitiveness of this organ, so we have here some proof that the animal is still conscious for a few seconds after all the blood has been drawn out of it.

Once only, I think it was in the Manchester abattoirs, did I see an assistant attempt to pith the dying animal by the insertion of the point of his knife between the back of the skull and the first cervical bone (Atlas) and so reduce the suffering of the creature by about three quarters of a minute.

The ordinary method of slaughtering animals is by felling by *poixaxe*, of which there are two or three patterns in use.

The blunt hammer has gone out of use years ago,* and though I understand the mask is still used in some private slaughter-houses, I have not been able to see it in use for cattle. The ordinary slaughterman in our public



How cattle are killed in Chicago.

abattoirs does his work well. Aims straight, and though I have seen hundreds of polled and horned cattle slaughtered during these enquiries, I have never seen two blows struck at the same animal, to my mind the best axe in use is that in which by the hook the animal's head can be better brought into position for a surer blow, the spike has a good cutting edge, and a hole drilled from inside to the outside of it allows the air pent up in the brain cavity to escape, and at the same time allows the

* Since writing those notes, I have been in Aberdeen and visited one of the largest slaughter-houses there and saw much needless cruelty. In the notes referred to, I say that the flat-headed hammer had almost entirely gone out of use for the felling of animals. I was greatly surprised and shocked to see that it is still largely in use. I examined some polled (hornless) bullocks' heads. They were simply *battered* in, and showed a hole I could put my hand in. The skull of the Aberdeen, Angus and Galloway breeds of Scotch cattle is very nick, and it must need two or three blows to fell them. More than ever, I think, the pole axe with the air hole in it, should be made compulsory.

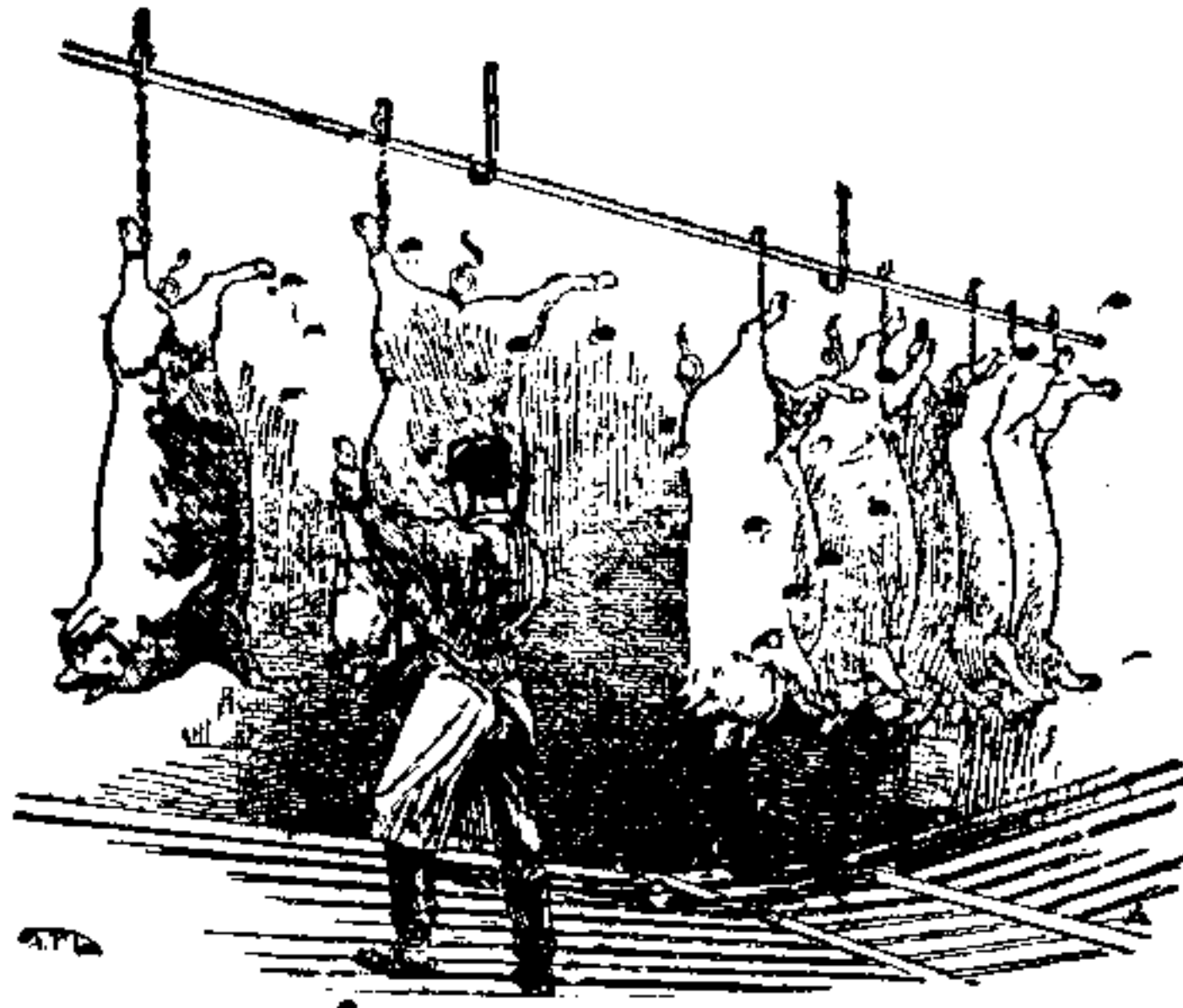
hollow space to cut deeper and so lacerates the brain. From a physiological and anatomical standpoint however I think the forehead is not the best place, (though it is the most convenient) to strike an effective blow. In two or three public abattoirs the animal is struck below the horns, at a point about three inches from the forehead crest, the bone here is much thinner and the axe penetrates and lacerates the lesser brain or Cerebellum, a portion of the brain in which are co-ordinated or regulated the impressions received from the Cerebrum or fore-brain, and by its laceration or injury, almost complete collapse and paralysis is produced. The animal draws up its limbs, a slight quivering is observable, mainly due to reflex action, and in almost a minute the limbs relax in death. By this method sensitiveness to pain is reduced to an extremely short period,* but it is not so convenient; and in the case of ~~filled~~ or horned cattle, it requires some judgment and knowledge on the part of the slaughterman, but it is only by skill on his part that we can hope to reduce to a minimum the *inseparable pain consequent on Slaughter*.

The ordinary method employed in killing calves calls for improvement and modification in the interests of humanity, and sympathy for the animals themselves. The calf is brought out from the lair and backed up to a windlass, the pendant rope of which is tied round the little creature's hind legs above the heel tendon, it is then wound up alive and suspended in mid air. It becomes alarmed and struggles. A youth steadies it by getting between the fore legs, as shown in the picture on page 28; and more by luck than skill, it is quieted by a blow from a poleaxe. Immediately after, whilst the creature is still quivering, the butcher proceeds to cut off the head. The excruciating agony and pain caused by this barbarous operation causes the animal to kick violently and continuously, until the head is quite separated from the body. I was simply shocked and disgusted, after witnessing this method of calf killing four times. The body is then left to drain to produce "white"

* In four cases where animals were killed by this method, the sensitiveness of the eye ceased at from 10 to 20 seconds.

veal. It ought to be made compulsory for the butcher to fells the calf first and sling it up afterwards, then sever the head. Only in one private slaughter-house attached to a well-known public gardens in Manchester was the butcher humane enough to fell the calf first and bleed it afterwards. Here too the mask is used for the slaughtering of horses.

In the slaughtering of sheep and lambs the method is much the same throughout the country, viz., the sticking in the neck. Sometimes on the cessation of bleeding the head is bent back and the neck dislocated, but more frequently it is not. Too many youths are employed for this work, which I think has a distinctly demoralising and brutalising effect, and induces extreme callousness. On busy days, time is not allowed for the animal to die before commencing to skin it.



How pigs are killed in Chicago.

In the slaughtering of pigs 2 or 3 methods may be employed, viz, felling with a heavy Iron Mallet, as shown in the picture on page x., or they are poleaxed similar to cattle. Or in the case of younger pigs the throat is simply cut and they bleed to death.—Pigs are certainly very troublesome to deal with. The occipital region of the skull grows up into a thick crest; it is well protected by



Stunning Pigs.

accumulations of fat, and a thick skin. The mallet is effective if well directed, but it requires great force.—The *poiraxe* is the best, but some take exception to it for the hole and consequent surrounding hæmorrhage, spoils the look of the head for saleable purposes.

Immediately after felling by either method, the pig is ~~led~~ and quickly dragged by its legs to the nearest vat of nearly boiling water into which it is at once plunged for cleaning and scraping. On very busy days during autumn and winter in establishments where hundreds of pigs are killed in a day, and especially where the butcher is on "piece" work, I am certain that sufficient time is not allowed between the bleeding and the plunge; and that pigs are frequently shot in, sometimes 2 or 3 in one vat before life is quite extinct.

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LAST WORDS.

Since I read parts of the preceding as a paper before the Humanitarian League and the London Vegetarian Society, some materialistic critics have taxed me with failing to suggest practical remedies.

This is not for me to do. In the old days of the Slave Trade there were plenty of good souls ready to start Sunday schools and clean pinafores for the little slaves, but at length the time came to arouse the dull conscience of Humanity to the fact that slaveholding was intrinsically wrong.

There were plenty of kindly-hearted slave traders who would have taken the chair at a meeting for suggesting *practical remedies* for bettering the lot of the black-skinned transported sons and daughters, but the time at length arrived for telling the world that this evil could no longer be tolerated.

It is the same with Butchery, there are plenty of practical sanitarians and inventors who are doing their best to reduce the suffering of the tortured, slaughtered animals. All honour to them and to the humaner of the butchers who are helping their hands.

It is enough for me to emphasize and impress the terrible truth that Butchery is essentially accompanied by cruelty to the animal and degradation to the slaughterman; that Butchery is a relic of man's barbarous state; that butchery must eventually be ended when the Enmity between man and his fellow creatures shall be replaced by *brother Amity*; that Butchery is of the Past and the Present, but that upon us is laid the burden to say that it shall not be of the Future.

